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Sir Robert Steele, Knt. K.C.S.

Deputy Lieuten.t of Dorset.

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THE

MARINE OFFICER;

OR,

SKETCHES OF SERVICE.

BY

SIR ROBERT STEELE, KNT. K.C.S.

DEPUTY LIEUTENANT OF DORSET.

"Our marines have marched across deserts—have raised batteries—have stormed and taken towns."

Lord Palmerston's Speech in the House of Commons.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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TO

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

The Fairy Queen of England,

THIS WORK IS INSCRIBED BY

HER MAJESTY'S MOST FAITHFUL

SOLDIER, SERVANT AND SUBJECT,

THE AUTHOR.

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THE

MARINE OFFICER.

CHAPTER I.

Early scenes—My father and mother—My mother's charity—First military ardour—First love—Visit Portsmouth—First view of the sea—Portsdown Hill—Portsea—Turn out of the Guard—The Commander-in-Chief—Military honours—The platform—The telegraph—The obliging lieutenant—Embark in the Magnificent's boat.

It was at the breaking out of the war, shortly after the peace of Amiens, that I received my commission as second lieutenant in the 135th company of Royal Marines.

Even at this distance of time, I love to recur to those days. I was hardly fourteen years old —had never left home; and had been most

tenderly brought up by my mother, who loved me more dearly perhaps, (if that were possible), than she loved either of my brothers and sisters. My father was a man of the utmost piety and virtue; a being so primitive and single minded, so totally without guile, that when I first read "the Vicar of Wakefield," his resemblance to that delightful character was so striking, and made such a lasting impression on my mind, that I never think of Goldsmith or his amiable vicar, but my dear father stands before me.

Some further insight into my father's character may be gathered from my mother's declaration, that she had never, during the long course of her wedded life, seen him in any way affected by wine, except once—which was on the memorable occasion of the general illumination and national rejoicings, when George the Third recovered from his first mental illness;—moreover, my father was never known to speak ill of any body, or heard to swear, or seen in a passion. The spice of "devil," therefore, that might be detected in me, in the course of my varied career, must be attributed to the constitution of my indulgent mother; who was a woman of great beauty and accomplishments,

of lofty bearing and unconquerable spirit; and who, had she been born to a higher destiny, and become the consort of a minister of state instead of the wife of a minister of religion, would have cut a figure in the world. But she did her duty in that state of life into which it had pleased God to call her.

My mother was remarkably kind to the poor, and whenever any of her indigent neighbours were sick, she went to see them herself, and in cases where it was desirable, sent them daily "something comfortable" from our own table—invariably helping them before herself, and sending one of her own children with it. How often have I been despatched to carry the hot plates with the napkin over them. "Now take this, my dear Rheuben, to poor Mrs. Eldridge," she would say, "that lazy, good for nothing husband of hers went reeling by just now, fresh from the public house, little heeding to provide for his sick wife, and increasing family."

"Don't speak harshly of your neighbours, Nancy," said my mild father, who looked rather anxious when he saw the choice bits of the chicken popped between the plates I was to carry.

"Now don't you be selfish, Robert," retorted my warm-hearted mother, adding, in order to reconcile him to the arrangement, "here is the other wing for you."

My father looked up from his plate, and gave a nod of assent, for he was too much occupied to speak.

I remember, as if it were yesterday, the frequent benedictions on my mother's name when I reached the chamber of the sick with the welcome supply. "God bless your good mother, my pretty boy," they would often say, raising their attenuated arms to heaven, while the dim eye was brightened with a tear. "God bless your mother!" Even now, man as I am, and getting an old man too, and she sleeps the long sleep, I still love to repeat the blessing, and have taught my children to repeat it too—"God bless our mother!"

If I have tarried somewhat tediously over the qualities of my parents, I have only stepped back one generation. I thought it no more than right to shew the reader from whom I sprung; and in doing so, I have not taken a tythe of the time required for even glancing at the pedigree of a Spanish grandee, or an English grey-hound.

My first military ardour, and my earliest sentiment, (it was scarcely a passion), for female beauty, were, like the Siamese twins, born together. The first was inspired by the turn out and drill of the volunteers of our village to resist Bonaparte's threatened invasion. The second was kindled by the wild black eyes of Charlotte Wentworth. I seem to see her now, in all the bloom and freshness of youth. She was a clear brunette, such as I have since met on the banks of the Guadalquiver. A moss rose bud, or a strawberry just ripe were a fit type of her beauty. With a soft, voluptuous, though restless expression in her eyes, she moved so lightly on her small and pretty feet, that she seemed to win the way as she went, and only wanted the heart stirring, flashing castanet to complete her resemblance to the renowned Maja, of the south of Spain. Must I own it? I used to long for Sunday, chiefly that I might see her; and during the divine service I frequently forgot my prayers, while I watched and worshipped her eyes! I remember thrashing a boy bigger than myself, till he ran away, merely because she was looking out of the window, and must necessarily witness the fray!

In after years, when I read the sorrows of Werter, she came to my mind; and all through life, I have never heard the name of Charlotte, that I have not thought of Charlotte Wentworth.

It was on a sunny morning, very early in the spring of 1803, when from the top of Portsdown Hill, I first beheld the sea. I was in our one horse chaise, (just such a chaise as Doctor Syntax rode in, when he went to take possession of his living), on a little seat drawn out between my father and mother, who were going to pay a visit to some friends at Portsmouth. My dear mother always loved an agreeable surprise, and they had determined to say nothing, till rising to the summit of the hill, from the beautiful vale of Southwick, the whole view burst upon my dazzled sight. "Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "what is that! oh! the sea! the sea! the ships! the ocean! papa! mama! the sea! the sea!"

My raptures were inexpressible, and I burst into tears.

We stopped at the top of the hill, and full before us, lay the broad bosom of the ocean covered with ships—the channel fleet, consisting of more than thirty sail of the line, with

frigates, sloops, brigs, schooners, bombs and cutters, extending all along the vast anchorage of Spithead, and reaching almost to St. Helens where the light squadron, ready for sea, lay at single anchor, with their sails unfurled. On the right, the Southampton water, running along the banks of Hampshire, beyond that the New Forest, and sweeping on we saw the Needle rocks, through which ships were threading their way; and the lovely Isle of Wight, the garden of England, glowing in pastoral beauty, with its hills, its vales, its woods, its sparkling villages and spires, and the town of Ryde rising like Venus from the sea; and the mother bank and the Indiamen going in search of the costly treasures of the East. Then again, Porchester Castle, and the garrison of Portsmouth, with its regular lines and fortifications, its bridges and draw-bridges, scarps and counter-scarps, bastions and basins, curtains, dykes and glacis; the ships in harbour, and the ships going out of harbour; ships in ordinary and ships fitting for service. Farther off lay Gosport, and "the Hard," and the noble hospital at Haslar. Hundreds of troops were drilling outside the garrison walls, marching and firing; the music of the

military bands was borne along the wind; the thunder of the canon roared on the water; the white waves rolled on the distant beach; and far beyond, the renowned white cliffs of Albion sparkled in the sun.

All these magnificent objects combined, (any one of which would make a picture)—presented a vast panorama, and were more than enough to fill the heart and intoxicate the brain of an enthusiastic boy of my age.

When the allied sovereigns visited England in 1814, at the glorious termination of the war, the Prince Regent brought them to this spot; and the moment the view burst upon them, a Congreve rocket was sent up. Instantly the fleets, the fortresses and the troops, fired simultaneously a royal salute;—the yards of all the ships were manned; colours and banners were flying on the masts or floating on the walls; a thousand instruments played the national hymn and Rule Britannia; and the imperial visitors were heard to declare they had never witnessed a finer scene.

As we descended the steep hill, and passed the village of Cosham, and along the road leading to the oyster beds at Emsworth, I had time to

recover myself, and was settled into a sort of reverie, when the rattling of the draw-bridge, over which we passed into the island of Portsea, recalled me to what was going on. We were passing over the second bridge, when a general officer galloped up, followed by a numerous staff. The guard was turned out and presented arms, while the drums beat two distinct rolls, which I afterwards learnt, indicated his rank of lieutenant-general. The general having stopped a few minutes to give some orders to the officer who commanded the guard, we were enabled to reach the military barracks at Hilsea, as soon as he did, when we found all the regiments under arms, waiting his Excellency's arrival to review them.

Presently after, the trampling of horses was heard, a trumpet announced his approach, and the commander-in-chief appeared in front of the line. "Present arms!" was the word of command given by the colonel at the head of the brigade. This was followed by three motions, as regular as the vibration of a clock. Then, each man held his musket out before him—not a limb, not a muscle moved—the brigade looked like a wall of men. You might have heard a

pin drop for a second, when all at once, the bands struck up "the Duke of York's march," the drums and fifes rolled, and the commander-in-chief with the gallant bearing of one who seemed born to command, saluted the troops in return. "Shoulder arms!" with two steady motions, every musket was carried to the shoulder, and the men resumed their fixed and statue-like appearance. The music ceased for a moment and then played a beautiful air, as the general proceeded to the extreme right of the line, and rode down before it, minutely inspecting every rank and file as he went along.

At this moment, I decidedly imbibed what my eldest sister used to laugh at and call "the scarlet fever;" and it soon began to rage within me.

We now proceeded on our road, and in about twenty minutes, we passed by the guarded ways, and finally through the inner gate, entering the walls of the only regularly fortified town, in free and happy England. We went down the High Street and alighted at the George Hotel, immediately in front of the residence of the naval commander-in-chief, and which is now called the Admiralty House.

Whatever notion I might have formed of the

gaiety and excitement going on in so famous a place as Portsmouth in the time of war, was infinitely surpassed by the reality. One could hardly walk for groups of officers, in the most beautiful and costly uniforms; army and navy; horse and foot; Hanoverian and British, were to be seen, single and together, arm in arm, loitering, laughing, quizzing, &c. in short, in all the aspects of military lounging. Still in the midst of this seeming disorder, the utmost order and discipline prevailed. Every non-commissioned officer or soldier that passed or met an officer, stopped, turned and saluted by bringing his hand with a sort of curved flourish up to his cap, then letting his arm fall with equal precision and decorum, and proceeding on his way.

I was quite delighted to see these honours rendered to youths not bigger than myself, who seemed to me, although so young, to have attained the summit of human happiness, by being officers in splendid dresses, and claiming such a salam, as I had supposed, could not be out-done before the Sultan at Constantinople. The soldiers even saluted the little midshipmen, who, though no bigger than my brother

Harry, swaggered along under the lee, as they called it, of a gold-laced scraper, having at their sides a small scimitar, like those worn by the Turks in the Arabian Night's Entertainments.

A breakfast at a sea-port, especially after a long drive, is a very appetising affair; and although my dear father needed no provocative, (as he assured my mother), a fine plate of shrimps, just out of the sea, appeared upon the table, to his no small gratification and delight.

Motley's Hampshire Telegraph gave us a list of all the ships in port; and after running them over, it was agreed, that as soon as we had called upon our friends, Mr. and Mrs. M., and accepted their anticipated invitation to dine and sleep, we should take a wherry, and row off, (my dear mother having declared against sailing in a skiff), to see the Magnificent of 74 guns, at Spithead. This ship was chosen because we had an acquaintance on board in the surgeon, who was brother to "the Doctor" at home, who had helped to bring us all into the world.

On reaching the platform; and the fine battery of guns upon it, I was struck with the

view. The grand panorama we had seen from Portsdown Hill was here brought close to me, and I looked over the waters of the dark blue sea, which seemed almost under my feet, and longed to be upon it. I viewed the floating castles at Spithead with the utmost curiosity; I inspected and touched the cannon, and examined the balls which were piled in racks by their side; and while I was wandering about, and wondering at all these things, bang! off went one of the great guns just behind me! I was electrified, but not frightened, and turning round, saw that the men at the Station House were making signals, which were repeated by the flag ship at Spithead. I asked the man at the signal house on the platform what it meant. He said it was for the Euryalus frigate to start; "and there she is, with her anchor a trip already," he exclaimed. In a few minutes more all her sails were set, and she stood out to sea with a top-gallant breeze.

By enquiring and listening, I found out that the order for her sailing had come down from London by telegraph in three minutes. She lay at single anchor, and was hove short; so that

in a quarter of an hour from the time the order was issued from the Admiralty in London, the Euryalus had sailed from Spithead. Truly might the illustrious Nelson have said upon this, as he did upon a more memorable occasion, "Well done, Blackwood!"

On our arrival at the Sallyport, we had the good fortune to see a large boat with a "crown" and "Magnificent" painted on her stern sheets. Hang it, thought I, it will be far better, if we can go on board in that boat, instead of paddling off in a common wherry with only two oars. "Why there's no more comparison, father," said I, "than there is between going over to Winton in the mail, or Collyer's coach with six horses, and drawling and shaking over the seven miles in Alexander's cart for a shilling."

"You're right, my boy," said my father; "besides if we can get off in that boat, we shall have nothing to pay; and a penny saved is a penny got, you know."

While this conversation was going on, down came two officers, one in blue, with white facings, collar and cuffs; the other in scarlet, with

a gold epaulette on his right shoulder. " Cockswain, all hands in the boat!" said the officer in blue.

" Aye, aye Sir, Magnificent's away!" hallooed several voices at once. The fellows jumped on board like grasshoppers, and in an instant eight oars were poised in the air—the gang board was put out, and a boat hook was held up by two men, for the officers to steady themselves as they mounted from the beach to the boat. The cockswain, who had the rudder in his right hand, touched his hat with his left, the sentinel at the stairs carried arms; the officers had descended one step;—now or never—came into my mind, and I felt the blood mantle in my cheeks, as I started forward, and said to the officer in blue, " Sir! Sir!" and I bowed to him as I spoke, " may I ask, if you are going to the Magnificent?"

" Yes, my fine fellow," he good humouredly replied, " do you want a passage?"

" Thank you, Sir, but is Doctor Jones on board?"

" Why really I don't know—but come off and see."

" But, Sir, my papa and mama wish to go also to see our friend the surgeon."

" To be sure they shall ; and have you no sister who would like to go ?"

He said this with an arch smile, and shaking me by the hand, turned round, went back the step he had descended, and took his gold laced cocked hat quite off, to my dear father and mother.

Never have I since seen the good breeding of the heart more exemplified than on this occasion.

" Pray don't mention it," said the lieutenant, in answer to some apologies that were addressed to him by my parents. " Our doctor is a capital fellow, I will give you a passage on board with great pleasure. Here Macleod," he said to his companion, who I found afterwards to be an officer of the marines embarked in the Magnificent, " do hand this lady into the boat, while I take care of my young friend here. The soldiers, Madam, do the *comme il faut* thing better than we do. Macleod is quite a lady's man."

CHAPTER II.

Visit to the Magnificent—Anecdote of Admiral Duckworth and Captain Bowen—A crack ship and a crack captain—Singular whim of the captain—Determination to be an officer of marines—Application for a commission—Disappointment—Sudden value of distant relationships—Ordered to attend at the Admiralty—Departure for London—The chief clerk—The major and his son—Interview with the Lords Commissioners—Certificated—Regimentals—Return home.

We were no sooner embarked, than we were off the beach in a trice. My sensation on first being afloat was perfectly inspiring. I felt as if I was on a sea-horse, or mounted on the Hypogriff of Wieland; and had hardly recovered my senses, when the word "in bow" was given by the cockswain; and a shrill whistle from the boatswain's mate's call, announced our arrival alongside the Magnificent.

"Send down the chair, on deck there, Mr.

Patten," said the lieutenant to a midshipman on the gangway.

" Aye, aye, Sir," was the ready reply ; and " a whip for the chair," said the midshipman to the boatswain's mate ; and down came a painted half cask, suspended by slings, with a seat in it, and covered with a flag. Into this my dear mother was placed, and after another whistle from the deck, and " haul taught, hoist away," my mother was carried into the air like a balloon, and then lowered down, and deposited on board.

My father, who, God love him ! was in the goodly case of Dr. Syntax some years after he had taken possession of his living, looked wistfully and in evident distress up the ship's side. He had never clambered or soared in the air since the bird's-nesting days of his childhood, and he stood for a moment the silent emblem of despair. His piety and learning had procured him the silk apron, which he sported upon this and other remarkable occasions, but the meaning or use of which, over his unmentionables, the sailors could by no means divine. Then his hat was pinched up on each side behind, as if, (as the joker of the

boat said to the marine officer's servant in livery), he had been corking in the cable tier, and had used his castor for a night-cap. His straight cut black coat and waistcoat with slash pockets and his ruffles, (for he was a conservative of old customs to the day of his death), gave him a very clerical cast. In short, he bore the stamp of the church, and in truth perfectly personified her meekness, mildness and humility.

For my part, I seized the middle rope of the three, which was covered with green baize, and held out by boys, standing on the ship's side, and after scrambling as high as the bellfry, ultimately got safe on board.

" Remain where you are, Sir," said the captain kindly to my father, who had come to the gangway, " and we'll send the chair down for you."

Saying and doing go together afloat; so in the twinkling of an eye, my father had a bird's eye view, (as he called it), of the ship, and then quick as lightning, like black eyed Susan's lover, " on the deck he stood."

To my father, a line of battle ship was not so overwhelming a novelty as it was to my mo-

ther and myself. He had visited Lord Howe's fleet on its arrival at Spithead after the glorious 1st of June 1794, and had been introduced to the great commander himself. He had also seen the illustrious leader of the van, in that immortal fight, the gallant Graves, whose name was added to the list of peers, for his distinguished services upon that and other occasions. He had also made the acquaintance of the brave Bowen, master of the commander-in-chief's ship, the Queen Charlotte.

And here let me stop my narrative for a moment, to relate a pleasant anecdote of the said master and his celebrated chief. During the heat of the action, Bowen was, in his usual deliberate manner, when speaking to the admiral, " my lording" him at every sentence, when the admiral exclaimed : " For heaven's sake don't ' my lord' me so just now, Bowen."

" Why, my lord, what must I call your lordship then ?" said the steady master at the helm.

" Call me ' Black Dick,' " (his sobriquet amongst the sailors), replied the admiral. " Call me any thing, but damn it, Bowen, break their line !" and Bowen did break their line, and for

so doing, was made a post-captain by George the Third.

The Magnificent was a crack ship, and was commanded by a crack captain, who was a bit of a tartar, and a connection, if not a relation, of the first Lord of the Admiralty. Nevertheless the dock yard paint was not of the right sort, or right colour—so His Majesty's ship was painted out of the captain's pocket. Patent yellow was the go at that time;—and certainly she did credit to his taste. "There she lay," as old Admiral Duckworth used to lisp out, "like a duck upon the water, Sir." Her masts, yards and rigging defied all criticism; not a rope yarn was hanging upon a shroud; her sails were beautifully furled; her decks, white as the kitchen table of an epicure; every man was in place, and the cook either in the galley or to the fore sheet. In fact, the whole arrangement and discipline of the ship was admirable. But if it was objected to the cultivation of the sugar cane, that the plant was watered by the tears of the negro, I fear we must not enquire, if we would not censure, the means by which the iron breechings of the cannonades on board were polished. At this moment of my

history, I must not pause to ask if the iron did not frequently " enter the soul" of the sailor before the mast. It is, however, a great blessing to have lived to see slavery abolished, and the quondam tyrant of the deck made, in some measure, responsible for the exercise of his power.

Amongst the whims of the captain of the Magnificent, he had a great fancy for the number of the days of the year. He would have three hundred and sixty-five of every thing on board, that he could possibly stow away. His wardrobe, therefore, consisted of three hundred and sixty-five shirts, hose and handkerchiefs ; his port, claret, sherry and champaign, amounted to the same mystical number ; and so of many other matters. But poor fellow he did not live long to enjoy, or to use these things ; for he was drowned by the upsetting of his boat near the Black Rocks or Pierre's Noir soon afterwards. It was a singular coincidence that on the same fatal spot, the ship he had commanded, the Magnificent herself, was wrecked, the 25th of March 1804, and totally lost, while forming a part of the in-shore squadron of the channel fleet, under the Honourable Admiral Cornwallis.

The officers and crew were providentially saved, eighty-six of them were made prisoners by the French, while the gallant ship herself, with all the stores and artillery, split upon the rocks and sunk.

But let me proceed more regularly in my description of our visit to the Magnificent, which doubtless greatly influenced, if it did not positively decide, my subsequent choice of life.

We were conducted all over her, and shown the various stores and store-rooms of the warrant officers, the purser, gunner, boatswain and carpenter; the sick bay, too, where there was as much order, cleanliness and arrangement as in a county hospital. We were also allowed to see all the cabins; and the accommodation afforded to each rank, was pointed out,—from the lordly luxury of the captain, to the six feet by two, in which the seaman slung his hammock, and slept as many a potentate would give his crown to sleep. What a contrast between the comforts of the ward-room, where all the commissioned officers messed together, with the pell-mell of the reefer's establishment under the tiller, or in the starboard or larboard births in the cock-pit!

On the main-deck we saw the quarters of the strong detachment of marines, (more than a hundred), embarked on board. I had previously seen them under arms on the quarter-deck, in the most admirable state of discipline and equipment, and heard the captain of the ship say, they were at once the ornament and stay of his power.

The result of all this varied examination was, that I liked the sea, and at the same time *burned to be a soldier*. I therefore at once determined that if I was old enough, tall enough, and had interest enough, I would get a commission in the Royal Marines. Accordingly, before we went on shore, I asked all sorts of questions, and received the most obliging answers from the captain of the marines and his lieutenants, as to the mode of proceeding necessary to realise my wishes. I found that although very tall for my years, I wanted more than an inch of the height at which recruits were taken, and that I must get a mark in, some how or other, to bring myself to the age required by the regulations under which commissions were granted at the Admiralty.

My first step to obtain the object of my

young ambition was, to get my dear mother's consent, and then her co-operation, if not her active intervention; and I began the moment the boat in which we were to land was clear of the ship. In vain did she urge the danger, and the pangs of separation, or as we passed the buoy of the wreck, point out where the Royal William of ninety-eight guns had gone down at her anchors, with the admiral and every soul on board. The skirmishing continued between us with little intermission till bed-time; and when she had blessed me and was about to leave me, I made one desperate effort to win her to my purpose. I threw my arms about her neck, and implored her to let me go "where glory waited me." The tears stole down her cheeks, and fell hot upon mine; but at last she kissed me, and with an effort to smile, promised to do all she could with my father.

From this hour I could neither eat, drink, nor sleep, as I had hitherto done. My days were feverish, and my nights restless; and I grew languid, thin, and melancholy. Even the visits we paid to the dock yards, however, the beautiful objects and processes we witnessed there

agreed with my predilection, did not amuse me. At last a review was talked of, and that for a time engrossed all my faculties. Both my father and mother were by this time convinced that war was to be my *métier*, and "per mare per terram," my motto.

The family vehicle was once more in requisition; we took leave of our friends, and returned over Portsdown Hill, to a home that I felt, for the first time, had no longer a charm for me; and my brothers and sisters as they crowded round me and heard my tale of wonders, were only welcome in proportion as they sympathized in my new joys, hopes, and fears.

A commission in the marines was only to be obtained by interest with the first Lord of the Admiralty or some of his colleagues or supporters in Parliament; and my father had never as he said, dabbled in elections, or made a merit of giving his vote.

"But, father," said I, as we were conning the case over one evening after tea, "the first Lord of the Admiralty *was* Sir John Jervis, and *is* the Earl St. Vincent. It was he, and I read it only yesterday, who gained

the great victory over the Spanish fleet. He must be a good and generous, because he is a great man. Do write to him, and tell him I shall die if I do not obtain a commission, and that I only wish to die in the service of my country."

"My dear enthusiastic boy," replied my father, "there can be no real greatness without goodness. Many great captains have been merciless conquerors. At the same time, I know that Lord St. Vincent has many fine qualities and I have endeavoured to approach him through our noble neighbour and his Lordship's near relation at Rose Hill. Such was in fact the case, and after several days of anxious waiting and regular morning attendance at the letter box long before it was opened, the postmaster at last handed me a double letter, for which there was "nothing to pay," I seized it and pressed it to my lips. It was franked by a peer, with the motto "tache sans tache," on the seal. I flew with the precious packet to my father, to whom it was addressed, and gave it to him with a pair of scissors that he might not destroy the seal. I panted like a culprit awaiting a reprieve as he opened it,

and almost fainted in despair when he read as follows :

Admiralty, 1803.

" My dear William,

" Sons and near relations of marine officers are the first to be provided for. My list of candidates for commissions overflows. The demand is far greater than my means of supply ; but has your protégé no relation in the corps, to bring him within the rule, which in justice to the service, I have laid down ?

" Very much yours,

" St. Vincent."

This damper, this cruel disappointment, was forwarded from Rose Hill, with the usual expression of regret upon such occasions.

On reading the letter over and over again, there did appear a little peg to hang a hope upon ; and never did country cousin sixteen times removed, more patiently and perseveringly try to make out a something like a connection with a great man for a little purpose, than I did to create some affinity with somebody or anybody in the royal marines. We all know what is to be done

by patience and perseverance. They enabled me to prevail on my reluctant father to go over the list again and again, of all his cousins and connections; for my mother, coming from Wales and being the only child of an orphan, we had no chance or hope from her branch of the family tree.

It was bed time, and my father had been for some minutes in a doze or brown study, when at last he hummed and twirled his thumbs, and said very drily to himself, "How very extraordinary —nay, what a seeming fatality it is, that I should all along have forgotten that my pretty cousin Elizabeth Ricketts, married an officer in the marines! Yes!" he continued musingly, "the marines, and his father was in the corps before him; for the old gentleman was, as I have heard, at the famous battle of Bunker's Hill, where the marines gained the day; and they wear the laurels to this hour."

"To be sure," I observed, "I remember noticing the laurel on the buttons of the marine officers on board the Magnificent, and asked what it meant, and they said it was gained at Bunker's Hill, in America."

After a moment's pause my father said, with

one of his blandest smiles, "We must write or go to cousin Ricketts."

I almost screamed with joy, and tumbled over my little brother in rushing to my father's arms. "Come, father!" exclaimed I, "let us go—never write when you can see and speak; never do that by proxy which you can do yourself—is a motto of yours, you know father. Let us be off together, let us———." In short a curtain council was held, and it was agreed first, to establish our relationship in the corps, and then to procure the interest and influence of the members for the county, as well as a letter to the Admiralty from one or both the members for the adjoining city.

All these matters having at length been brought to bear, we very soon received a letter, marked "free," and bearing on its printed cover these words:—

"On His Majesty's Service."

The reader may guess, for I cannot describe my joy on perusing the letter expressing the directions of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that Mr. Rheuben Meerhay should at-

tend the board to be examined as to his fitness for a commission in the royal marines,

"Why, my dear, you must take the child to London, then," said my mother, and a tear as big as a pearl glistened in her blue eye.

My father assented with a heavy "Yes."

"To be sure, mother, dear mother," said I, light as a cricket, and I kissed off the tear, "I should see London, you know, and the Tower, and the arms and ancient armour, and Westminster Abbey, where they bury the brave, before I go abroad—that is, before I go on foreign service."

"Bless the boy!" said my mother, "his head is certainly turned;" and more tears came from the fountain of her heart and stole silently, one after another, down her cheeks.

The journey to London was like all such journeys, interesting to those who had never travelled before, and burthensome to those who had to pay the piper.

We went to the Salopian at Charing Cross, to be near the Admiralty, and the day after our arrival, precisely as the Horse Guards struck two, we passed under the anchor at the Admiralty, enquired for the marine office, and an-

nounced ourselves to the chief clerk, Mr. O'Flaherty, a gentleman of the weazle species, as will hereafter appear. Mr. O'Flaherty enquired our business, asked my name, turned to a list upon his table, said it was all right, and desired us to be seated. This Mr. O'F— was a spare sinister-looking man, pale as plaster, with hollow cheeks, and little twinkling darkish green eyes, which, when motionless, looked like burnt holes in a blanket. He had a supercilious snub nose, with a dash of the mulberry on the tip of it, and lank straight hair, but no hips or calves to his legs, so that, when he pulled them from under his desk, and stood up, he looked like a disclosed purser's dip, or a long sixteen. Behind his large and very ugly ears he carried his pen. Oh! little did I then think that by one stroke of that weapon, my promotion and prospects in the gradation corps of marines, might be either advanced or retarded for several years.

Soon after we sat down, there was a gentle tap at the door, when in walked Major Rodel of the marines, with master Rodel his eldest son, whom he presented, with great humility to the principal clerk. Young Rodel, who was also it seemed

a candidate for the corps, was squat, short, thick, and what the sailors call Dogger-built, with a good deal of that breed about him, which, when crossed with the terrier, makes a most certain drawer of a badger. I—and I say it with all modesty—was a different looking fellow altogether. And it may be owned, for I fear it will be too manifest in the course of these Memoirs that I have rather an overweening opinion of myself, not to mention a perfect self-confidence. Moreover, I have some heart and soul; and have always declared that an ounce of heart, is worth a pound of head. In addition to which, nature and my adored mother were both abundantly kind to me. I was the very image of my mother, blue—very blue eyes,—aquiline nose — head well put on — shoulders well thrown back—small hands and feet—fair and curly hair, and too clear a complexion for a boy,—for my very blood spoke in my cheeks. Then, there was a laughing, open premature expression in my face, which brought me many a kiss, before I knew the value of the precious donation.

Such was the sparkling boy, who, having been

duly summoned by the messenger of the board, now ascended the stone stair case, at the Admiralty. The door of a large and handsomely furnished apartment (called the Board Room,) was thrown open, and I immediately found myself in the presence of the Lords Commissioners.

The first object that arrested my attention, (and I looked stedfastly at it,) was a standard for measuring persons, and it was apparently placed at the regulated height for the service. I recollected my high heels, and drew myself up like a peacock; for we had taken the precaution, as I wanted a good inch of the standard, to go to Gilbert in Old Bond Street, and get a pair of Hessians, with heels of the time of Louis XIV. luckily these did their duty so effectually, that I was not even placed under the standard.

"Well, young gentleman," said the president of the board, addressing me, "you wish to have a commission in the Royal Marines."

"If you please my Lord," I replied.

"How old are you? Where were you educated? where do you live?"

All these questions were severally put and answered.

"And what's your father, Sir?" asked a thick individual, who sat on the left of the President at board. Thinks I to myself, I wonder what that signifies to you. I however looked at him full in the face, and said, "My father, Sir, is a gentleman."

"I thought," said Captain Gambier, (since Lord Gambier, then one of the naval lords, and who always had a kindly leaning to the church,) "that is, I understood your father to be a clergyman."

The president looked up, "Yes, my Lords, so he is by profession," said I; "but I thought the question referred to his birth."

"Sit down," said the president. Mr. Marsden," (to the secretary at the bottom of the table) "give him his certificate."

Mr. Rodel was now called for, and in he walked, supported by the paternal Major, in his rear. My retiring parent, not having been asked for, left all to providence; but the Major was too old a soldier to give away a chance. And very luckily it was, that he came into his son's relief; for although I had rather a girlish look, and my mother used to say my face became a bonnet, Rodel had no chance with me, and the impression he made

upon the board, was not too flattering. After the usual questions, all of which the Major, (who acted as sponsor and god father, as well as father, to master Rodel) immediately answered, the candidate was desired to place himself under the standard; when the president observed, "Why, Major Rodel, I am very sorry, but your son is at least about two inches below the standard, and—"

This brought the Major to the front. He put out his fore foot, drew himself up and said—"My Lord, why Richard is all but as tall as I am;" to be sure the Major was about as broad as he was long), "besides gentlemen," (addressing the board) "I have a large family—I was wounded at Acre with Sir Sidney Smith—I have served thirty-six years in the corps; and look, my Lords," (turning master Rodel round like a top, and seizing him by the nape, "why he's got a neck like a bull."

Their Lordships could not resist the appeal, and young Rodel was added to the strength, if not to the height of the corps; while all this was going on, having received my certificate from the secretary, and bowed to and thanked the board, I descended the staircase, a happier and a

greater person than I had mounted it, and having found my father still sitting as if on thorns in Mr. O'Flaherty's office, I handed him the certificate; which he opened, and we read these precious words—

"Admiralty Office.

"Rheuben Meerhay, Gentlemen, recommended for a commission in the royal marines, by Major General Averne. Passed the board.

"W. MARSDEN."

"I congratulate you, young gentleman," said O'Flaherty. "You will have the goodness, Sir," (to my father) "to leave that certificate with me, as your son has been recommended by General Averne. I shall take care that he is appointed to the Portsmouth division, and he will receive his commission at head quarters, when he has been reported fit for duty by the adjutant. Meanwhile," (in a subdued voice,) "have you any particular person, to whom you would wish to give a preference, in furnishing his equipments?"

" Equipments sir?" repeated my primitive parent, " what equipments ?"

" Why his outfit—his uniform his appointments to be sure, and by and by his sea kit. At least two hundred pounds will be required to start him properly."

" Then God must help me," said my alarmed sire ; but as if suddenly recollecting himself, he said in another key, "who would you recommend Mr. O' Flaherty ? any friend of yours ?"

" No—not any friend of mine certainly ; for I am not concerned, or in any way interested ; but if you were at a loss where to go, I would just give you this bit of an address of Messrs. Plater and Company, of *Cheapside*, and I have no hesitation in saying, and I dare say you will agree with me, that you cannot go to a better side of the city."

My good father thanked him, and took the address ; but from some cautious quality in his character he did not say enough, or perhaps he had already said, or seemed to say, too much upon the subject. Neither on leaving the office did he (as I recollect) shake the hand or press the palm of the chief clerk.

For my part, I was so happy that I paid little attention to these things at the moment ; but

when the Admiralty list came out, and our standing and seniority in the corps was known, I had too much reason to remember and regret them; for some young officers who went up to pass the board, long after I had joined the division, stood above me upon the list of second lieutenants, and above them, of course, stood the first born of Major Rodel. I therefore strongly advise all parents and guardians having sons or wards destined to a gradation corps, to make their ground good with the hireling who makes out the list, especially if they are to come in, as I did, at a large augmentation, on the breaking out of a war.

To Cheapside and Plater and Co., however, we went for the sake of the pattern and regulation, and ordered to the amount of fifty instead of two-hundred pounds sterling; for which we got a uniform, coat and epaulettes, waistcoat and regimental small clothes, cocked hat and feather, sword—knot, sash and belt.—These, with a pair of long jack boots, such as Frederick of Prussia was wont to wear, attired me cap a pied. Moreover I had an iron queue two feet long, bound round with black ribbon, of the same German school and taste, and tied to the last ringlet of my auburn hair, which was cut close all over my

head, and pomatumed and powdered, till I looked more like the monkey that had seen the world, than the natural and unsophisticated boy I was destined for a long time to remain. Nevertheless on my return to the country, I took great pride in putting my uniform all on; I appeared in it at church the only sunday I was at home; I wore it at an assize ball, to the great amusement of Charlotte Wentworth, and several other spinsters; and paid visits in it, to some of the nobles, clergy and gentry of the vicinity.

CHAPTER III.

Departure from Portsmouth—Winchester—William of Wykeham—Winchester school—Effect of music—The deaf woman—Southampton — Portsmouth — Drill—My commission—First guard—Launching of the Rodney—The accident—Military funerals.

At length the day approached that was fixed for me to leave home; and I felt—what no language can give utterance to. When a youth is, for the last time perhaps, lingering on the bursting bosom of his mother, or receiving a parting blessing from his father, which will follow him like a vision, and hover over him and support him in the hour of trial—what does he not feel!—

I never can forget the scene or the pang of parting. My brothers had been amazingly taken with my uniform. One had put on the hat and feather, and studied himself in the great glass in

the drawing room; while the other buckled on the sword, and admired his shadow as he strutted in the sun. My sisters, and particularly the eldest, seemed to like me better, and to kiss me more frequently, than before I became an officer.—In short, it was all charming except the separation; and that, we all dreaded. We had been brought up together; had never known any but the mild rule of our parents; had been educated at home, and never experienced the sorrows of a school, and were strangers therefore to those half yearly absences which often engender indifference. Parents and children, we were all in all to each other. The going to the wars, and to the sea therefore, of so considerable a person as myself, brought desolation into our dwelling. The very servants were in tears.

"Poor master Rheuben! dear master Rheuben! sweet master Rheuben!" were the endearing epithets applied to me respectively by our cook, —house-maid, and very pretty nursery-maid, as I bid them adieu.—Then the noise of the mail is heard coming over the distant hill, —at least two miles off. It is a clear moonlight still evening in May. How rapidly—too rapidly they come. They enter the village—the horn sounds

—the horses rattle past the house—the coach stops at the Dolphin,—my place is taken—"*farewell*"—one convulsive embrace from my mother —one quick kiss to each brother and sister—one more (the last) kiss to my mother! and I am in the mail by the side of my father, whirling to Southampton.

As we descended St. Giles's Hill, famous for its annual fair, its roast pork and its cheese, and passed through old Winchester, our usual haunt for change, gaiety and recreation, and with the sights and wonders of which my earliest recollections were associated, I clung to its ivy-grown and venerable walls, as the last link of connection between me, and those I had left behind.

As we rolled on, and passed the fine gothic cathedral, I could not help calling to mind the solemn aspect of its interior—its deep, dim aisles —the magnificent flight of steps leading to its rich choir, with its exquisite carved work. The beautiful altar, with its fine painting by West, the raising of Lazarus from the dead. And then the coffins of the old saxon Heptarchy, upon the veil of the temple; and the tomb of Rufus; and— but the mail rattles on, and I have hardly time to think, ere we seem to fly past the celebrated

college founded by William of Wykeham in 1373.

Here let us stop for a moment to breathe a sigh upon the tomb of this great and good man. . .

This learned and illustrious prelate, whose name is held in veneration by succeeding generations, was adored and almost canonized by every class in the vicinity. Robert South, Bishop of London, who had profited by his munificence, being educated here many years afterwards, became his biographer, and thus admirably described him, "He was raised to the highest order of human beings, namely those who lead a life of active beneficence directed by wisdom."

William of Wykeham (the very name has a spell in it,) was born in the contiguous village of Wickham, in 1324. He was Bishop of Winchester during the reigns of Edward the Third, Richard the Second, and Henry the Fourth, and was for some time Lord Chancellor of England. He advised Edward to build Windsor Castle, that bright gem in the crown of England, with which the stiff and stately Versailles or the Spanish gridiron (the Escurial) is not to be compared, and San Ildefonso and the like are but humble

imitations ;—moreover Wykeham of Wykeham founded *this*, (the famous School of Winchester) and also the new College at Oxford, towards the close of the same monarch's reign; and after much persecution and trouble, he completed and permanently endowed them, on the accession of Richard the Second, when they were called the "Sainte Marie College of Wynchestre," and the "Sainte Marie College of Wynchestre in Oxenford."—It was granted by Providence for William of Wykeham to live to witness the prosperity of his holy work, and to see others following his good example.—He died on the 27th of September 1404, in the eightieth year of his age, and was buried, in the magnificent tomb he had prepared for himself in the cathedral of his Diocese. His monument is kept in repair at the joint expense of the colleges which he founded. In this celebrated college, (especially dear to me from my father's having been brought up in it,) six thousand nine hundred and thirty-two scholars had been admitted on the foundation, from the earliest record 1393 to 1815; some idea of its scale may be formed from the fact that the present school room is 90 feet long, 37 feet broad, and of proportionate height.—The chapel

is a fine specimen of gothic architecture, and the cloisters are beautiful. And the meadow ! where we used to sport when on a " *remedy*" or a play day, I went to see the many I knew amongst the two hundred who generally attended the school, seventy of whom were born on the foundation—oh ! that gay—that smiling meadow, whereon the " Toga tataris," was thrown aside by my companions as we gambolled on the banks of the clear trout stream which ran through it, and wound its way along through the valley to the Southampton water.

Ah ! those were happy days ! and as we flew past the spot which recalled them to my memory, I could not help actually murmuring to myself the very words and music, of the song we used to sing, in praise of that " sweet home" I had just left—perhaps for ever ! " Dulce, dulce Domum !"*

There is nothing which brings persons and circumstances so palpably before you as music. A few bars of the Cachucha have carried me quicker than sound, from the Park in London,

* Rhimes of the song, always sung by the Winchester boys, at the summer vacation.

to the Prado at Madrid; and I have, as in a dream, seen and embraced again, the beautiful brunette, who set my young blood on fire, when last I heard those notes from her guitar, in the gardens at Seville. I have seemed to wander with her on the Moorish Well, and in the orange grove, when she breathed love, and we felt, or the refreshing waters play around us, as we strayed by the light of that moon, which *she* declared, and almost convinced me, was better than the sun of England.

We have left Winchester, and far behind us, the royal residence of Charles, which being abandoned, had become, first, an asylum for the refugees at the French Revolution, and now a barrack for troops. We have passed St. Cross, and Otterborne, and presently reached the beautiful avenue of trees, leading to Southampton; and now we are spanking along, the horses have done their work—they snuff the gale, and need no urging home; when lo! an old woman in her market cart, stops the way! In vain did the coachman bawl, or the guardsman blow his horn. They swore and blew, and blew and swore, again—crash! over went the old woman and her cart. Not a word was heard—nothing

to be seen—we pull up in great alarm—the guard alights—sees nothing—hears nothing. He calls—no answer.

"Take one of the lamps, Ben."

Ben took the lamp, he found the horse and cart, tossed clean into the ditch, and the old woman, neither frightened nor hurt, but deaf as any adder, and squatted in the middle of the road, taking a pinch of snuff. Finding no harm done, we proceeded to the always pretty, but now handsome Borough of Southampton; though it was abused in those days, (as pretty things frequently are), for its bay windows, long alleys, and old maids. But the yatcht club have corrected, more or less, all these complaints. The alleys have become fine streets; the windows are adorned with pretty faces; and the maids, (not the old ones, however,) have grown into mothers and grandmothers; and Southampton is become a gay, and fashionable town.

After passing a day with our good friend Hungerford, a fellow of infinite anecdote, we proceeded, in a sailing vessel, (for then we had no steamers), to Portsmouth.

One word *en passant* of poor Hungerford.

He had seen a little of every thing, and knew something of every body. In short, he was a perfect reference, for all the minor events of the country, and could, by his good-humoured facetiousness, make one cry, or laugh at pleasure. His jokes, to be sure, were somewhat of the oldest, but not the worse for that, for an old joke, like an old slipper, wears the easier, instead of wearing out. So when Hungerford told me I was like a young bear, with all my sorrows to come, said I should be too happy to see soft tommy for breakfast, after a long cruize, and predicted, that although I could not make a better, I might possibly become a greater man than my father, every body laughed at the wit, as if it had been his own. At Portsmouth, I regularly mounted my regimentals, and was presented to the general, who had so kindly recommended me to the Admiralty, at the instance of my father's cousin, who was in the corps, and having been duly installed in my quarters, introduced to the adjutant, and put under his instructions; my head having been filled with advice, my heart with gratitude, and my purse with money, by my generous, and doating father, we embraced

each other, he locked me in his arms; we wept, and parted; he went home, and I went to drill.

Having been taught to dance, nay, having actually danced the minuet de la cour, at the court of my dancing master, at St. John's House, Winton, with great éclat, the "heads up," "shoulders back," "chests out," and "stomachs in," which puzzles the uninitiated, came quite naturally to me, and I got through my facings in a week. The marching, countermarching, and goose step, with the manual, and platoon exercise, took more time; but the flesh was strong, and the spirit willing, and at the end of a month, the adjutant reported me fit for duty.

I was in the divisional orders for the dock yard guard, the following day; but before the parade, trooping and marching off the guard took place, I was sent for by the commanding officer, who after expressing his surprise and pleasure, that I was so soon off the adjutant's list, and entitled to receive my commission, declared that it was with great satisfaction he presented it to me, in the name of the King, who expected zealous, un-

wearied, and loyal service, in return for the trust, with which His Majesty had been graciously pleased to honour me.

I bowed, and thanked the general, received my commission and retired. When I got to my room, and examined this, to me, invaluable treasure, I found it was on stamped parchment, the duty and fees on which cost £2. 14*s*. 6*d*. I opened it, and read as follows :

" George R"——(the King's sign manual.)

" George the Third by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom, of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, &c. To our trusty and well beloved Rheuben Meerhay gentleman greeting, we do by these presents, constitute, and appoint you, to be second lieutenant to our one hundred and thirty-fifth company of royal marines. You are therefore carefully, and diligently to discharge the duty of second lieutenant, by exercising and well disciplining, both the inferior officers and marines of the company, and we do hereby command them, to obey you as their second lieutenant, and you are to observe, and follow, such orders and directions, from time to time, as you shall receive from our high-

admiral, or commissioners for executing the office of high-admiral, for the time being, or from your captain, or any other, your superior officer, according to the rules and discipline of war, in pursuance of the trust hereby reposed in you.

Given at our court at St. James's, the tenth day of June, 1803, in the forty-third year of our reign—

By His Majesty's Command.

P. STEPHENS.
J. GAMBIER.
H. NEALE.

Entered in the Admiralty.

W. MARSDEN.

Entered in the War Office.

R. LUKIN.

Rheuben Meerhay Gentleman, second Lieutenant of the hundred and thirty-fifth company of marines I have kept this commission always by me; and after a lapse of more than thirty-three years, I at this instant look on it, (as I remember, my first young love), with melancholy pleasure. It is

almost as fresh as when I received it, and kissed it, and pressed it to my heart, bating however, an indelible mark upon it, which will be satisfactorily accounted for ten years hence.

I had just deposited my commission in my writing desk, and turned one of Bramah's keys upon it, when the quarter drum beat, and I went to parade; fell in with the guard commanded by Captain Savage, (the gallant and meritorious officer Sir John Boscarven Savage, Knt. and K.C.H. lately at the head of the corps), and after the usual inspection and forms, we were marched off in quick time to our post.

Ahab, going up to Ramoth Gilead to battle, could not have felt more flushed with military ardour than I did. Full of enthusiasm; already attracting and beginning to feel the attraction of female loveliness; I held my head high, and felt a gallant bearing, as, to the gay tune of "Bonnets over the Border," we tripped along the gun wharf wall, passed the shops and the lasses on the hard, and halted at the gates, of perhaps the finest arsenal in the world.

The usual ceremony, the parole and countersign having been demanded and given, the great gates were thrown open, we were received with

presented arms by the old guard, and then relieved it of its duties.

As the gloaming came on, the parole and countersign were changed, and another watch word, which came in a sealed paper to Captain Savage, was given to each sentinel on his post.—The frequent visits to each factionnaire, as he walked his lonely ground ; the challenge of the look out on board ; the ships of war, lying in the harbour ; the sound of the bells on board striking the hour ; the oars of some distant boat rowing guard, breaking on the stillness of the night ;—each and all of these occupied and interested me deeply.

When I returned from my rounds, I threw my military cloak about me, and lay down in my jack boots, on the wooden sofa, which with a deal table and four chairs comprised the furniture in the guard room, and presently fell into as sound a sleep as if I had been on a bed of down.

At the expiration of an hour, the sergeant appeared with his lantern, to remind me it was time to go my rounds again.

At length morning came, and we in our turn were relieved ; and so ended a memorable epoch in a recruit's life—his first guard.

A few days afterwards I went to see that interesting sight the launching of a first rate man of war. To those who have seen this splendid exhibition frequently, it is no longer marvellous; but to those who have never been present when a great ship, pierced for a 120 guns, and calculated to receive a thousand men, and their provisions and stores and munitions of war, for half a year,—to those who have never seen this stupendous mass of timber, this astonishing construction and work of art, glide from the stocks, on which her keel was laid down, into the bosom of the ocean, it is a show never to be forgotten. The morning was beautiful, and the provincial paper having announced the launch, hundreds and thousands of persons flocked from all parts of the country; many came from the Isle of Wight, and some came even from London. The dock yard was crammed; the beautiful residence of the commissioner Sir Charles Saxton, was filled with company, as well as the houses of the principal officers. The newly launched vessel, was to be called the "Rodney," after the great naval hero of that ilk.*

* Sir John Brydges Rodney, K.B. afterwards Lord Rodney on the 9th and 12th. of April 1782 defeated the French fleet,

The delight and curiosity, with which I anticipated the launch, was not a little increased, when it was known that the heir apparent, the Prince of Wales, his uncle, the first Duke of Gloucester, brother to the King, and Elfi Bey, were to be present on the occasion. I had never seen either a Prince of the blood, or an Eastern Bashaw.

commanded by the Count de Grasse in the West Indies. The country residence of this noble family was in my own immediate neighbourhood, and at the funeral of the second Lord, which happened in 1802, I had gone down into the vault and seen the coffin of the illustrious Admiral, covered with crimson velvet, and a coronet upon it.—I had besides already experienced the kindness of his grand-son the present and third Lord; during my whole life, I have never met a more amiable and gentlemanly person. At Lord Rodney's mansion, I used to stare and wonder at the large paintings of the famous battle, before alluded to. There was Sir George's flag ship, the Formidable, engaging the French Admiral; and the Hercules ranging the enemy's line, from van to rear.—In another picture was an English ship pouring a whole broadside into the Ville de Paris; and so well, as I have heard, did she reserve her fire for the particular moment when they were along-side, that within half a minute every gun fore and aft, was discharged at a distance of no more than fifty yards apart. In this famous sea-fight Lieutenant Howell of the Hercules first introduced the mode of loading with two round shot, next the cartridge, and only one wad outside; and with much advantage to the service. It is therefore just and fitting that his name should be associated with that of his great commander.

When therefore they appeared followed by their respective trains, and aids-de-camp, wearing the most beautiful uniforms, covered with orders and decorations, of the most costly and dazzling description, I was dumb with surprise and admiration, I felt as if enchanted, and only recovered my self-possession, to join in the acclamations, especially those which greeted the Prince of Wales; who as he sat with commanding dignity on his proud charger, appeared to my boyish fancy, nothing less than a demi-god.

At high water (about 2. P.M. on that day), the launch took place; and the Prince of Wales having dismounted, and received from the commissioner the bottle of wine, with which the vessel was to be "christened," this grand spectacle was at its acmé. The royal standard of England, the union jack, with ensigns and flags of all nations, colors, and descriptions, were floating from the Rodney; her decks were crowded with well dressed persons of both sexes, boats of every sort and size, from the ten-oared cutter to the purser's barge, from the gilded pinnace of the yacht to the dingy punt of the collier, with a whole shoal of wherries and little boats, lay on their oars, or paddled in the offing, the

entire harbour was covered, and it seemed as if all the sea-spirits had risen from the deep, and floated above the tide. The boats were evidently anxious, yet fearful to approach the vessel, as the sudden swell she would make, as she broke on the water, might upset them, or possibly suck them down, as she buried herself in the waves. The space close to the slips on which the launch was built, was jammed with people ; many thousands were round about, and the bridges between the basins were crowded to excess. Every inch was occupied ; you might almost walk upon their heads, except that the children were borne upon the shoulders of many. On the bridge nearest the launch, there was, if possible, a more dense congregation than any where else ; it even bent under the pressure of human beings ; but nobody noticed it, for nobody thought of danger, at that moment all was expectation and excitement. Yet there was such an awful stillness, that you might hear the dropping of a nail. At length the rocket hissed in the air, the single blows of the ship-wright were distinctly heard, knocking away the last, the only shore, that sustained the mighty fabric — " she moves !

she moves !" cried the crowd. Then, at that instant, " Success to the Rodney !" was heard from the lips of the Prince of Wales, as he dashed the bottle of ruby wine upon her bows ; and down —down she glided, amidst the roar of cannon, the burst of music, and the deafening cheers of half a million of people ! Every hat was in the air, and every voice was upon the breeze, while the Rodney burst through the waves, and floated on the Ocean.

But alas ! how often do triumph and calamity go hand in hand, or wait upon each other !

At the instant, I have vainly endeavoured to describe, a noise like near thunder, or the falling of an avalanche, was heard, heart-rending shrieks, and prayers for mercy, burst upon the ear ; and screams, as if from the bottom of the sea, rose up to appal the myriads of hearts that were, the instant before, filled with rejoicing. The bridge ! the bridge is broken !" exclaimed a thousand tongues at once : and so alas ! it was, and hundreds of both sexes, and all ages, had been precipitated into the abyss, and died —spite of every human effort to save them— died in the deep ! Figure to yourself the earth opening, and swallowing up those who were treading lightly upon its surface ! Imagine

if you can, the last spectacle of the deluge ; the son struggling to succour the father, but in vain, the agonized, mad mother, hoping (in vain), that she has saved her child, and then smiling as she sinks for ever, a whole family clinging to the branch of a tree near their drowned dwelling, which breaks, and they are washing away. Think of human nature, in all her sublimity, as well as in all her agony and despair, as represented in that terrible judgment on the sin of a former world, and you may have an idea of the awful catastrophe, at Portsmouth. I can think of none other so apposite, so terrifically like.

Amongst those who were drowned by the falling of the bridge, were two superior officers, of regiments quartered at Haslar ; and they, according to the custom of the service, were buried with military honours. There is something singularly impressive in a funeral. I never meet a hearse or a procession of the dead, without a monitor striking hard at my heart, and saying, " To this complexion you must come at last." If I am walking, I stop ; if riding, I pull up ; and always follow that good example, so invariable in France, of taking off my hat, as the corpse is carried by. Amongst the many characteristic traits related of Napoleon, none has pleased me

more, than that delineated in the picture which represents him after a battle, meeting a waggon of dying prisoners. He takes off his hat, salutes them respectfully, and exclaims, "*Honneur aux braves!*" And in truth, nobody should be more sensible than a soldier of the sad certainty, that in the midst of life we are in death.

There is a peculiarity in a military funeral, (for I have not seen it at any other), which is very becoming the occasion. Death levels all ranks, or according to the words of scripture, the last are first, and the first last. The junior ranks precede the senior, in the order of this procession. At the head you see the firing party, the strength of which is regulated according to the rank of the deceased. At the burial I am now speaking of, it consisted of a whole battalion, which preceded the catafalque with arms reversed. Then came the body, carried by sergeants of the respective regiments commanded by the deceased. The palls were borne by colonels commanding. On the coffins were laid the gold medals, gained on the memorable 21st of March, 1801, (at the battle of Canopus near Alexandria, where Abercromby received his death wound;) and their swords, gorgets, and

other appointments. Then followed their chargers richly caparisoned, with their military boots attached to the saddles. This last item in the appointment of the ceremony, has a singular effect, not wholly divested of the ludicrous, yet still touching and impressive. The horse too, without a rider! what a type of death! Then the ensigns, second and first lieutenants, captains, majors, lieutenant-colonels, colonels, mixed with officers of other branches of the service, according to their seniority and rank: and *last of all*, the naval and military commanders-in-chief. The dead march in Saul is performed by the band, with muffled drums; the procession arrives at the grave, the order to "halt," and "reverse arms rest," is given to the guard, who have now paced onwards, placed the muzzle of their musquets upon their right foot, drawn back their left, and laid their head over their hands, on the butt of their firelock. In this expressive position they remain, while the service for the dead is performed, and until the ashes of the deceased are mingled with the dust. Then the guard recovers arms, primes, loads, and fires three vollies: and the last rites are performed.

Things now resume their accustomed order.

Each officer takes his proper place, and they al march off to their respective quarters, to some such lively air, as "go to the devil and shake yourself."

CHAPTER IV.

A grand review—General Whitelocke—A garrison ball—The points of precedence settled—My first attendance at a court-martial—Corporal punishment—Military execution—Love and beauty—Join the Princess Royal, Captain Vashon—The billet-doux—An amour—Captain Albemarle Restie—The Earl of Northesk—Sir Joseph Yorke—Captain Vashon.

WHILE the royal Dukes remained at Portsmouth, a grand review took place, of all the troops of the garrison, including the brigade under Lord Charles Somerset at Gosport. The spot chosen for the purpose was South Sea Common. The Lieut. Governor of Portsmouth, and commander in chief of all the troops in the south west district, (which comprehends Wiltshire, Dorsetshire and Hampshire), was General Whitelocke. He was the first general officer I had ever seen commanding several thousand men; and at a parade or sham fight he was a

most formidable personage. His very look might have terrified a civilian. It must in candour be added that he was of a really lofty bearing, and looked the character he assumed most admirably. I used to get as near him as I dared at the trooping of the guards, which took place every morning at half past ten, immediately after our own parade. Down he used to march, I remember, with his aids-de-camp, brigade major, town major, town adjutant, and suite: such a swell! accompanied often by several of the captains of the fleet at Spithead or in harbour. He used to take his stand in front of the old government house on the grand parade. The lieutenants came from the Crown, and the reefers from the Blue Posts (for in those days every rank had its rendez-vous), to increase the crowd of spectators.

Amongst the *militia* corps, doing duty in the garrison, was the *Cheshire*. One sunny morning I recollect that regiment furnished almost all the reliefs, and was in its full strength upon the parade, having the artillery only upon its flank. But neither their appearance, nor any thing else about the Cheshire militia, pleased the future hero of Buenos Ayres; for as they passed him in

slow time, the officers saluting, he called to the colonel in a great rage, saying, "March those d——d cheesemongers off the parade, Sir. I don't wish to see them in quick time, except when they are getting out of my sight!"

"Halt! to your respective posts—quick march!" roared the colonel, red with rage at such *grossièreté*. But he was too good a soldier even to murmur a reply.

The review before their royal highnesses was conducted in General Whitelocke's most happy manner, and greatly was I pleased to find the marines were to be divided into battalions, and to form part of the review. The line upon the common extended for about three quarters of a mile, and was composed of three brigades, each brigade being under the command of an officer of high rank. Upon the flanks of each brigade were several field pieces; and the commander in chief surrounded by his staff was in front of the whole.

On the appearance of the royal princes, the artillery fired 21 guns, and the whole line presented arms; while *fourteen* military bands, struck up, at the same instant of time, "God save the King!" This was truly a noble and

beautiful sight; for when the artillery was heard at Spithead, it was a signal for the whole fleet to man yards, and every ship fired a royal salute. The combined effect *per mare, per terram,* was perfect. Nothing can be seen afloat more attractive than the appearance of a large fleet, with its yards manned; all the crews dressed alike; blue jackets, white trowsers and straw hats; all standing out in the yards, and even upon the truck of the royal pole. But this is a spectacle which must be seen to be understood. At the moment that I have just alluded to, forward rode the thrice plumed Prince of Wales—who with well poised bridle-hand, threw his pawing charger on his haunches, and gracefully acknowledged the general salute; or perhaps in prettier phrase, the palfrey pawed and the Prince pulled off his hat.

After H. R. H. had passed along the ranks, General Whitelocke broke the line into an open column of companies, right in front; and as he rode before the heir apparent, at the head of this fine body of men, looking every inch a general, who could have believed it possible that within four short years his pretensions would have been put to the proof on actual service, and been found wanting? that his name would have been

blotted from the list of the British army, and his life all but forfeited to the injured honor of his country? Still he lived on — declaring he was a martyr — consoled himself at whist at Clifton—and did not let his disgrace break his heart!—Perhaps he was right!

Shortly after the period just referred to, I attended a garrison ball, at the Green Rooms at Portsmouth; on which occasion a question was mooted, that puzzled the heralds not a little, and put the master of the ceremonies *au déses-poir;* and I do not believe it has been satisfactorily settled to this hour. The naval commander in chief had a beautiful daughter; and a naval baronet in the immediate neighbourhood had a rival belle, and one who would not cede the pas, to the flying bunting of command. They both came to the *soirée dansante;* both had partners; both claimed precedence; and each urged her right to lead. One because the papa's flag was up, and he was in command of the port, the other because, whether her papa's flag was up or down, she was the eldest daughter of a baronet, and by the table of precedency, &c. &c., &c.

For one hour was this knotty point under discussion. The master of the ceremonies was at

a non plus. He would write to Sir Isaac Heard —he would go to Bath and consult—" Aye, aye, Sir," said a rattling reefer, " go and get your head shaved." The card tables were consulted—the tea tables were referred to. What was to be done? The dance could not begin. At last—" Lord help the M. C.," said an old major of marines, " why the room is broad enough in the beam, make two sets, and let *them both* lead off."

The happy suggestion was adopted ; they started together, and went smiling down, upon parallel lines, each the leading star of her own sphere.

I was about this time placed in a situation, above all others, painful and full of perplexity to a kindly disposition, and a heart so youthful and unpractised in the world as mine then was. One captain, two first lieutenants and one second lieutenant, besides myself, were in orders, " to assemble and sit on a divisional court martial, for the trial of such prisoners as may be brought before it." By the same minute, prisoners were to be informed of their approaching trial, and witnesses were directed to be in attendance on the court, which was to meet the following morn-

ing, immediately after the mounting of the guard. A few months before, I had seen twenty-five lashes inflicted on a soldier quartered at Winchester, for some irregularity. He had been sentenced to two hundred; but the rest of the sentence was remitted by the commanding officer. I shuddered and sickened at the idea of being myself a party to the condemnation of *a man*—that being whom God had created in his own image—to such mingled agony and degradation. I had attended the Crown and Nisi Prius Courts, held for the offenders against civil law, at the castle of Winchester; I had heard the solemn Lens, and the sportive Jekyl plead; I had witnessed the awful judgment tempered by mercy of the bench. I therefore felt as deeply and acutely as a boy of fifteen could feel anything,—the task imposed upon me, in being made the judge of men old enough to be my father. It is true, the officers who composed the court-martial with me, were the majority of them officers of long experience. The captain and president had been twenty years in the service, and the first lieutenants were of mature age. But I, being the *youngest* of all, was to pronounce my judgment *first;* it being the duty of

the president to take the opinions of each member seriatim; beginning with the junior, and then to express his own opinion. The court martial had assembled in the orderly room; the first prisoner was brought in; and the court was sworn. The accused had his uniform jacket turned inside out; and a file with fixed bayonets, were placed on each side of him, to prevent his escape. Poor fellow! as he took his stand, he threw a furtive glance on each of us, and then his anxious, unsettled eye met mine. Heaven knows what he saw, or thought he saw there—perhaps commiseration or pity, for I felt both:—but he paused and looked for a moment as though he would say, "For the love of God, do not flog me!"

The charges against him were now read by the acting judge advocate, who was usually the office adjutant of the division. "The prisoner had got drunk and made away with his necessaries," or in other words, he had sold some of his military appointments.

Evidence was called, his guilt was proved, and the culprit put upon his defence. He had nothing to allege, except contrition for the past, promises for good behaviour in the future, and

a reliance upon our mercy. But he called the officers and non-commissioned officers of his company who spoke favorably to his character.

The court was now cleared, the notes of the president read over, and my opinion called for, " Sir," I said, " I feel as if I never could consent to sentence a man to be flogged like a dog, for not only does the hide of the hound protect him greatly from the laceration of the lash, but he may bite and defend himself, and afterwards run away. Whereas the poor soldier can do neither, without being hung for mutiny, or shot for desertion. You observed, Sir," I continued, " that the prisoner had been convicted upon two gross offences. Drunkenness, and selling his necessaries. The first offence, from what I recollect to have occurred at our own mess room, (on the King's birth-day, the 4th of June last week, when the naval commander-in-chief dined with us) may I think, be met with some extenuation ; and the second and graver offence, of selling his kit, proceeded from, and was in a great measure a consequence of the first ; inasmuch as it is in evidence that he sold his things, while he was in a state of intoxication. It is therefore with great

deference to you, and my brother officers Mr. President to propose, that the sentence of the court shall be: that the prisoner be kept in solitary confinement for one week, that he shall not be allowed to go out of barracks on leave for one month, and that he be severely reprimanded and admonished by you in open court, and informed, that if he commits so great a breach of military discipline again, he will be brought to the halberts and flogged."

The individual opinions of other members of a court martial, those present are bound not to divulge. I will therefore only add, that after some discussion, and a few hints that selling necessaries invariably incurred the lash, the prisoner was called in, and sentenced; but *not* to be flogged. From that hour to the present, I have never changed my opinion. I have always held in detestation, corporal or canine punishment in the service, and have opposed it to the utmost of my limited power; yes! after thirty-three years' experience at home and abroad, ashore and afloat, with foreign and British troops, in and out of campaign, in peace and in war, I am still decidedly against this demora-

lizing and degrading infliction of the cat, even with the adjunct of a court martial, but without court martial, as in the navy! at the caprice of a captain! But of this anon, when in the course of my duty, I shall be embarked in his majesty's fleet.

At the period I am now treating of,—the breaking out of a war,—example, the only legitimate end of all punishment, was sometimes necessary as a means to establish order, and maintain discipline.

Threatened as we were by invasion from a powerful and enterprising enemy, England was put upon her metal, and she could not in justice to the nation, who had risen *en masse* for her defence, suffer individuals to cheat her interests or compromise her honor. The military levies in the united kingdom have always been made with great fairness, and with due consideration for individual rights; and they form a strong contrast to the crimping, kidnapping, body-snatching, man stealing system; by which base means, a part of the British fleet has been manned, and which was a far greater outrage upon the rights of man, and upon every

civil privilege, than the Napoleon method of renewing his armies by conscription. When, as in England, men are recruited by the temptation of a bounty, — when they thus become volunteers for the profession of arms—they have no excuse for negligence or desertion. Bloody persecution and tyranny can alone extenuate the latter, or a breach of faith on the part of the government. All the troops, within my recollection have been raised by beat of drum, and a free engagement, or by volunteering for a bounty from the militia to the line. Now unquestionably these men are bound by every consideration to serve their time. But to such a degree had deception and desertion arrived, at the time I speak of, that it was found necessary to make an example in the district, and a soldier, who had received several bounties from different regiments, and had as frequently absconded, and was at last taken, had been tried by a general court martial, and sentenced to death, and was ordered for execution on *Ports-down* Hill.

How circumstances change the appearance of places, as well as persons! This grand green hill, from which I had first exultingly seen the

sea, and on which I had only a few days before been revelling in all the humours of the famous free-mart fair, was now to become a scene of the deepest tragedy; there death was to be attended by all the chilling circumstances of a military execution; every disposable soldier in the district was there assembled, to see a comrade shot for desertion. Generals Whitelock and Averne were there, with the respective corps, under their command, amounting to many thousands of men, who capped the hill like a wreath, in the centre of which was formed a vast square. The deserter was brought to the ground in a covered caravan, followed by a cart, in which was his coffin. He was dressed in a white jacket and trowsers, and descended from the van with a firm step. The coffin was then taken out from the cart, and carried by six soldiers of his regiment, who had black crape round their arms. The wretched man was then obliged to lay his hand upon his coffin, and while the muffled drums rolled, and the bands played a dead march, he was led all round the troops, who stood with shouldered arms to look at him. When this sorrowful procession was finished, he was taken

into the middle of the square, when the men of his own company, to whom it had fallen by lot to execute him, had been drawn up, with their muskets loaded with ball. A bandage was put round his eyes, and he knelt down a few paces before the firing party. A handkerchief was then put into his hand, and after a pause of a moment, the words, " Ready ! Present !" were heard. After another pause, while you might count one,—*he dropped the handkerchief*,) the last fatal signal, that he was resigned,) and they shot him dead. He fell back, with his arms stretched out; and as we were formed into open columns of companies, and marched past the body, he looked so fresh and composed, that if a ball, which had pierced his brain, had not been followed by a streak of blood, one might have supposed him to sleep.

So died the deserter, and I will confess, that my nature less rebelled at this spectacle, dismal as it was, than it has always done, when I have been compelled to see a fellow man, endowed with the same senses, faculties, and attributes as myself, not to speak of equality of soul tied up to a tree, as if it was planted in the earth for

such a use, or to a grating and the living flesh cut from his back, sometimes with, often without, the ceremony of a court martial. In the present case, example was necessary, and the deserter perished: but the soldier's tear fell upon his grave; for from the haughty general-in-chief, to the humble drummer, hardly a cheek was dry. If no one murmured at his unhappy fate, all lamented it.

In the fine weather, how delightful were the aquatic parties we made from Portsmouth to the Isle of Wight; to sail over to Ryde in a beautiful yawl, with the awning spread, or to force her along with the oars, to the song of Row brothers row, chaunted in chorus by the lovely voices that were with us; while ever and anon, the band which followed in our wake, discoursed sweet music. To go with the sun, and return by the clear moonlight; to woo the breeze, and peradventure something less uncertain, was enchanting; for say what you will, we must believe with Moore, that

> "There's nothing half so sweet in life,
> As love's young dream."

It was on one of these excursions, that I first

met Eliza, with her golden tresses, and soft blue eye. For years did she haunt me, and never shall I quite forget her. In those days Portsmouth held within its iron walls, some of the most beautiful women I ever remember to have seen, and whom the witches of Lancashire, the Houris of Spain, the Circassians of the Mediterranean, or the graces of Gaul have never outshone. In all attempts to describe female beauty, one is constantly reminded of Byron's bride of Abydos, in which, whilst endeavouring to represent Zuleika, he enthusiastically exclaims—

> "Who hath not proved how feebly, words essay
> To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray,
> Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
> Faints into dimness with it, even delight,
> This changing cheek, his sinking heart repress
> The might, the majesty of loveliness."

I fully agree with him in these sentiments, and think it impossible for words to do justice to the subject. I shall therefore merely mention that there was the noble and majestic Cawdor, like Egypt's queen; and the graceful and

Grecian Lady de Clifford; and Miss Montagu, afterwards, Lady Gore; and Miss Holloway, afterwards Lady Otway. Who, that saw, has ever forgotten the perfect harmony of Miss Montagu's features! such a study for Canova! or the laughing Euphrosyne, the Hebe of her day, Miss Holloway, her exquisite roundness of form, her heart-piercing eyes! Well might these admirals' daughters capture, and marry two of the most brilliant officers of the British navy! Then for the honour of the corps, there was the soft, the winning, the bewitching Clara, with her sylph-like figure, rich auburn hair, and clear complexion. You might almost see her pure blood circulate in her blue veins. I have watched it kindle, and mount in her cheeks, to summer warmth, then suddenly fall, and if prudence pointed, sink down to zero. She too, married a sailor, who had been posted for good conduct.

During the short time I had remained in the garrison of Portsmouth, I studied its classical disposition, its wonderful means of defence; I visited its works, and its outworks, over and over again; I superintended the erection of

Martello Towers for the protection of various parts of the coast; I examined the beautiful fortress of Monkton near Gosport, and inspected the magnificent hospital at Haslar, the foster sister of Greenwich,—where if one should happen to be maimed or wounded in the service, he will be comforted if not cured, by the love, the gratitude, and the ample provision of old England. Here is no golden dome without like that of the Invalids at Paris, encrusted by Napoleon to dazzle the eyes of the Parisians against the dishonour of a defeat; but within, there is all gold can buy or a sense of lasting obligation can bestow.

Amongst the line of battle ships, about to reinforce the channel fleet, under Admiral the Honourable William Cornwallis off Brest, were four three deckers each carrying 98 guns. They were ready for sea, having their stores and provisions and in every respect prepared to sail except not having their complement of men on board. They had, however, dropped down to St. Helens, and lay at anchor there. They consisted of the Windsor Castle, Captain Bertie; the Britannia, Captain the Earl of Northesk; the Prince George, Captain Joseph Sidney Yorke; and the

Princess Royal, Captain James Vashon. On board of the last named ship, I was, by the following memorandum in the order of the division, directed to embark.

D. O. second lieutenant Rheuben Meerhay and one private (meaning my regimental servant) to embark to morrow on board his Majesty's ship Princess Royal, to relieve second lieutenant George Wright invalided."

" I am off then, at last," said I; so I packed up, ordered the boat belonging to the division, went down to St. Helens, joined the Princess Royal and was presented by my superior officer Captain Noble of the marines, to Captain Vashon.

On going on this new element, I had one grief, that preyed deeply upon me. I had learnt a lesson " by heart," that I have since perhaps, too often repeated. I cannot remember when my decided preference for every thing feminine first began; for even in infancy, I always chose the petticoats. If I was to walk out with a male or a female servant, I

invariably ran to the maid; and my mother's maid, Mary White, was my favourite, as well as I was hers. When she put me to bed, and tucked me in, and kissed me, I kissed her affectionately again; and as I grew older, and she still caressed me, I loved those caresses, and returned her fondness with boyish ardour.

Amongst the many fond beings, who had come to Portsmouth to see the last of their lovers, was one remarkable for every thing but the immaculacy of her virtue. She rode well, she dressed well, danced well — and looked — an angel! but she *was* alas!—she was in brief,—a woman — a *very* pretty, but rather naughty woman! I had seen her, and fallen in love with her. She had seen me, and had — but the reader will pardon my confusion. Suffice it to say that a small note, *so* neatly folded, *so* sweetly scented, *so* prettily sealed, was secretly emancipated from a silk bag, by a soft white hand, and slily slipped into mine. While I am making my confession, I may as well go on. It contained the following words:

"I count on your discretion, and on the gal

lantry of your profession; *get the countersign, come,* and *be silent.*"

Could I do less? assuredly not. I met her on the ramparts at night, gave the watch word to the sentinel; we wandered alone, and heard the waves break gently on the pebbled beach below. She talked to me of poetry and love—regretted that I was going away—sighed—smiled in the moonlight—a tear fell on my cheek.

I could no more, *l'amour était plus fort que moi.* We parted, to meet again and again, and I employed the intervals in repeating to myself what I still deem the truest triplet that ever came from a poet's pen:

> "Love rules the court, the camp, the grove;
> And men below, and saints above;
> For love is heav'n and heav'n is love."

I had many a time broken over a fence, and pilfered a peach, and those peaches were sweeter than any other I ever tasted:—but of all sweet

things in or out of gardens, commend me to a stolen kiss.

I saw Fanny on the eve of sailing, and we wept;—I thought at the time I should never love again: no more I did, till at the expiration of some months' cruize off Ushant the Princess Royal bore up by signal from the channel fleet, and after a few hours' run before a strong south west gale, anchored in Cawsand Bay. When I went on deck the next morning, all the beauties of Mount Edgcumbe burst on my sea weary eye. Let me now return to the squadron at St. Helen's—these four ships were very like each other; so like that a landsman could not tell them apart. But the respective captains commanding them, were very unlike and only resembled each other in gallantry.

To begin with Captain Albermarle Bertie, of the Windsor Castle,—who was I think the senior officer. He was connected with the noble house of Ancaster a well bred man; a mild disciplinarian; a good officer, and a keen sportsman. I met him many long years afterwards in the hunting field, and while the hounds were trying for a fox, we smoked a segar under the lee by

the cover side, and talked of the deeds of other times.

The Britannia was commanded by Captain the Earl of Northesk, who a few months afterwards had his flag flying and was third in command at the greatest naval battle on record, as the magic word "Trafalgar," now borne on the escutcheon of his ancient house, will testify to generations yet unborn. The good blood of William Carnegie seventh Earl of Northesk could only be equalled by his good nature. As his ancestry was proud, so did he bear his honours meekly. What a contrast to some flashy upstarts, whose community of naval rank and service, put them on temporary equality with him! It was in the reign of David the Second, that John de Balinhard received from his sovereign the estates of Carnegy, from which, as is customary in Scotland, he took the name. From him descended Sir David, created in 1410 Lord Carnegy of Kennaird who, after various vicissitudes experienced by his immediate successors, was followed by Sir John, first Lord Lowe in 1639, who became Earl of Ethre, Lord Lowe and Eglismonde in 1647. These titles were exchanged by patent in 1662 for those of Earl of Northesk

and Lord Rosehill. From this illustrious stock came five other earls in regular succession. The last who was also an admiral, died in 1792 and was succeeded, as I have already stated, by Northesk of Trafalgar.

I have dwelt with gratitude and pride on this name, as it was the noble Northesk who first recommended me for my commission. His Lordship died in 1831—and having lost his eldest son, George Lord Rosehill, a midshipman, who perished on board the Blenheim, bearing the flag of the brave Admiral Troubridge when she foundered in the Indian seas in February 1807,—he was succeeded by his second son, William Hopebourn Carnegie, the the present and 8th Earl.

Captain Joseph Sidney Yorke who commanded the Prince George used to boast, that he was in parliament when he was a reefer. He was exceedingly vain of his birth ;—but setting aside a certain impatience of control (even of self-control) which carried him into occasional excesses, as we shall hereafter see, he was a jovial and pleasant fellow, especially on shore. With young people, he was extremely popular at first ;—he

dazzled and captivated the inexperienced mind; and was a great favourite with the ladies. He made long speeches out of the House of Commons, and laughable ones in; which, with the advantage of having one brother a Secretary of State, and subsequently first lord of the admiralty, and another, Vice-roy of Ireland, enabled him to perform, what the soldiers called wonders and the sailors miracles. As a proof of his ubiquity, he had his flag flying, and commanded a squadron at Lisbon, while he kept his seat, as a junior Lord of the Admiralty. He, moreover, actually converted an *Island in the Cattegat, into a* 50 *gun ship*; ultimately he became a remarkable exception to the statutes laid down by the Prince Regent, at the augmentation of the Bath in 1815; for at the close of the war, he was made a knight commander of that most honourable order, although he had not appeared in the London Gazette, as required by the regulations. But then he was the brother of men in power. And Rear Admiral Yorke was in parliament and had married *(en secondes noces)* the Dowager Marchioness of Clanricarde. &c. In short, all these things combined were sufficient to

get their possessor to be first dubbed a knight bachelor and then a commander of the Bath *malgré* his lack of service!

James Vashon, Esq. was Captain, as I have already stated, of my ship the Princess Royal. Jemmy Vashon, (his sobriquet between decks) was an out and outer of the old school; he would stamp, and swear, and threaten to flog, till he was black in the face,—"Main top there! main top, ahoy I say! d——m, I'll make you answer! I'll pick your ears, you precious rascal!"

It blew great guns, and his voice was carried away like a feather. "Give me a trumpet, sir," (to his first lieutenant) "a trumpet Mr. Shed," (to the second lieutenant)—"not a trumpet on deck, by God! d—— you altogether!" and away he'd bolt into his cabin for his own, and after a few moments came back as cool as an oyster.

He was a compound of opposites: sweet and sour; bitter and agreeable; weak and efficient; angry and forgiving. Take him in either of these veins separately, and he was repulsive, or engaging, as the case might be. Put his character together, take him for all in all, and he was like a bowl of good punch:—you could regale with

him when present, regret him when absent; you would like to bottle him up, and cork him down, and conserve him to all time, as a good fellow and a capital commander.

CHAPTER V.

Rumour respecting the Flotilla at Boulogne—Preparations—Dine with the four captains—Reminiscences of Lord Howe's victory of 1st June.

It so happened one stormy day, that I had the "pleasure and honour," to meet the four captains, of the ships at St. Helen's, at dinner, and to have them all to myself; and a great treat it was. There was a rumour set about by a prolific yankee, who had just arrived from sea, of a movement amongst the Flotilla at Boulogne; and Jack Holloway, as they called the harbour admiral (the commander-in-chief, Admiral Montagu, having his flag flying at Spithead), said he would shift his Bunting from the Old Gladiator receiving hulk, in the harbour, to one of our squadron, to be ready to meet the invasion; and which, upon a subsequent alarm, he actually

did. All was hurry scurry ; Blue Peter (the signal for all hands to repair on board), was flying from every ship ; and the squadron at St. Helen's, hove short, and was ready to trip its anchors. I only got down to the sally port, just as the four captains were embarking in the Tender to the squadron, and a beautiful water witch she was ; and having asked for, and obtained a passage, I stepped on board. The wind was dead against us ; so we kept beating windward, and by squalls and changes lost upon one jack, what we had gained upon another. In the course of an hour, the breeze had freshened to a gale, and before we were to windward of Spithead, it blew a little hurricane. Sea upon sea broke over the cutter, and we were all as wet as shags.

" Let us bear up," said the member of parliament, who had a peculiar antipathy to rolling at anchor. " The flat bottoms are safe enough for the present, and we may just as well warm our heels at the George in High Street, as cool them in the agreeable expectation of seeing of Old Jack, on board the Prince George at St. Helen's."

The quiet Lord acquiesced ; Bertie and Vashon shewed no cause, or rule, against the

motion ; the helm was accordingly put up, the Tender paid roundly off, we scudded before the wind, gave leg bail to the sea, and were soon passing the platform into the harbour again.

" Let us dine together," said the son of Yorke, " and you, soldier of the royal marines," said he to me, " come and dine with us at four bells."

Punctually, at the hour named, (six o'clock) you may be pretty sure, I presented myself at the George Hotel. It is, as I have already mentioned, amongst the peculiarities of the naval service, that its respective ranks do not associate, either on shore, or on board. You never see captains, lieutenants, and midshipmen together. They do not even frequent the same taverns. At all the sea ports, each grade has its peculiar haunt. At Portsmouth, for instance, the George Inn and Parade Coffee House were patronized by the captains ; the Crown by the lieutenants and marine officers ; and the Blue Posts, by the middys and mates. But to do him justice (and as he used to say of himself), Joseph Sidney Yorke, " had a soul above buttons," and he chose every now and then, to kick invidious distinctions overboard.

At all events, I was bidden to the feast on the present occasion; and on my name being announced by the head waiter, I was ushered into the captain's room. There I found the seventh Earl of Northesk pulling, with all his might and main, at a pair of damp hessians—he could neither bowse them on, nor haul them off. In vain did he tug and almost split his wind; in vain did the naval senator imitate the pipe of haul taught or belay, pipe or roar out stamp and go; the Earl stamped, but the boots would not go; till at last, panting for breath, and with the powder and perspiration streaming down his mild, but heated physiognomy, he gave up the contest, and deliberately cutting off his boots, emancipated his pedestals, and ensconced them in a pair of easy slippers.

"Dinner immediately, Mr. Waiter," called out the impatient and hungry little Vashon. "Coming directly, your honour," replied the ready waiter. "Dinner for the Lion," resounded below, and presently in marched Mr. Palmer of the George, followed by Miss Palmer, and the maid, and the waiters, each respectively laden with fish, flesh, and fowl, and every delicacy of Portsmouth market.

We had finished our dinner, the claret and

olives were on the table, the fire had been stirred, and the last waiter had retired, when the jovial Joseph, thus addressed the captain of the Windsor Castle.

" Come, tell us, Bertie the Brave, thou who commanded the Thundering Thunderer, under Howe, did the *Révolutionnaire* of (I think) 110 guns, and certainly one of the heaviest, and best fought of the enemy's ships, strike to the *Audacious*, and afterwards hoist her colors? (and if she did, she deserved to be sunk), or did she not? I am speaking of what happened at the first brush, on the 28th of May, Pitt's birth-day by the way."

" No," said Bertie, " I am persuaded she did not. Her colors might have been shot away, but I do not believe she struck."

" But Bertie," said the pertinacious little Vashon, " *on dit* that you were hailed in the Thunderer, and desired to take possession of the prize."

" Not a bit of it," persisted Bertie. " My ship, with the Russel, Marlborough, and Bellerophon, which carried Pasley's flag, were to windward of our fleet, and when the look out frigate made the signal, soon after four bells,

(six in the morning) for a strange sail, and immediately after for a strange fleet, directly to windward, we being, as I before stated, the weathermost division, answered the commander-in-chief's signal, to reconnoitre. At nine, the enemy wore, and bore down upon us, and we then counted twenty-six sail of the line, and five frigates. I well remember their names, and strength. There was the

Montagne.	120	guns.
Révolutionnaire.	110	,,
Républicain.	110	,,
Terrible.	110	,,
Indomptable.	80	,,
Jacobin.	80	,,
Juste.	80	,,
Scipion.	80	,,
Achille.	74	,,
Amérique.	74	,,
Convention.	74	,,
Entreprenant.	74	,,
Eole.	74	,,
Gasparin.	74	,,
Jemmapes.	74	,,
Impétueux.	74	,,

Montagnard.	.	74 guns.
Mont Blanc.	.	74 „
Mucius. .	.	74 „
Neptune. .	.	74 „
Northumberland.	.	74 „
Vainqueur.	.	74 „
Tyrannicide.	.	74 „
Tourville. .	.	74 „
Patriote. .	.	74 „
Pelletier. .	.	74 „

They were under the command of Admiral Joyeuse, and the inspection of a member of the convention, Bon Saint André, who was sent to see him fight. "Our fleet," said Lord Northesk, "consisted of the

Queen Charlotte, 100 guns, commander-in-chief, union at the main.

First captain, Sir Roger Curtis.

Second captain, Sir A. S. Douglas.

Royal Sovereign, 100 guns, Admiral Graves, blue at the main, led the van.

Captain, Henry Nichols.

Royal George, 100 guns.

Admiral, Sir Alexander Hood, blue at the main.

Captain, Billy Domett.

Barfleur, 98 guns.

Rear Admiral, George Bowyer, red at the mizen.

Captain, Cuthbert Collingwood.

Impregnable, 98 guns.

Rear Admiral, B. Caldwell, red at the mizen.

Captain, George Westcott.

Queen, 98 guns.

Rear Admiral, Alan Gardner, white at the mizen.

Captain, John Hutt.

Glory, 98 guns, Captain, J. Elphinstone.

Gibralter, 80 guns, Captain, J. Mackensie.

Cæsar, 80 guns, Captain Molloy.

Thunderer, 74 guns, your ship, Bertie.

Tremendous, 74 guns, Captain Bigott.

Russell, 74 guns, Captain Payne.

Ramilies, 74 guns, Captain Harvey.

Orion, 74 guns, Captain Duckworth.

Montagu, 74 guns, Captain Montagu.

Marlborough, 74 guns, the Honorable Captain Berkeley.

Majestic, 74 guns, Captain C. Cotton.

Invincible, 74 guns, Honorable Tom Pakenham.

Bellerophon, 74 guns.

Rear Admiral, Thomas Pasley, white at the mizen.

Captain, William Hope.

Defence, 74 guns, Captain, J. Gambier.

Culloden, 74 guns, J. Schomberg.

Audacious, 74 guns, W. Parker.

Brunswick, 74 guns, Captain, J. Harvey.

Leviathan, 74 guns, Captain, Lord Hugh Seymour.

Valiant, 74 guns, Captain, J. Pringle.

Alfred, 74 guns, Captain, J. Bazeley.

exactly twenty-six."

" Faith, Northesk, you shall be chancellor of the exchequer. It is not every Earl that can count twenty-six without his fingers," said Sir Joseph, patting the Scotch peer, good humouredly on the shoulder. They all agreed, as to the equality of number, in the ships of the line, thus,

	British.	French.
Ships in number.	26	26
Guns.	2,172	2,190
Crews.	17,241	20,065

"So that the French admiral had eighteen guns, and two thousand eight hundred and twenty-four more fighting men, than Lord Howe. At the same time, it must in fairness be stated, that we had seven three deckers, while they had but four, which, however, still left *them the advantage*, in size, tonnage, and weight of metal, as well as in the number of guns and men."

"Now, soldier, you must be aid-de-camp," said the president to me, "and ring the bell for some more claret."

The bell was rung, and the claret presently appeared. "Well, now we have got in a fresh supply of bordeaux," said Captain Vashon, "and the subject cannot be dry, let us have your version of the business, Bertie. Lord Howe's official letter is certainly not exact. He wrote on the spur of the moment, and in the excitement of triumph, on the morning of the 2nd of June, and confined himself to a general report of his victory, on the preceding day; and his Lordship referred the Lords of the Admiralty, to the bearer of his despatches, Sir Roger Curtis, for the preceding details; and as the commander-in-chief, certainly stated, and believed, that one of the enemy's ships was sunk during the action,

which did *not* sink, surely others, with inferior means of information, may have supposed a ship to have struck, when in fact, her colors were only shot away. Tell us then exactly what happened, on the 28th and 29th of May."

"You sailed from Spithead, I think on the 2nd of May," observed Lord Northesk; "therefore begin with the beginning."

"Yes, after a snug winter in port," murmured Sir Joseph, "and you had a convoy besides, had you not?"

"Yes," replied Captain Bertie, "which parted company off the Lizard, on the 4th, escorted to their different destinations, by various men of war. Leaving Lord Howe with only twenty-six sail of the line, out of a forest of masts, amounting to 150 sail; one third of which carried pennants. With this reduced force however, the commander-in-chief proceeded off Brest, and on reconnoitering close in, there lay the French fleet, quiet enough. So we kept standing off and on, and hovering near, till the 19th, when the reconnoitring frigates were again sent into Brest, and came out signalizing that the game was gone. We presently after, fell in

with an American, who told us, they had been out several days."

"But how the deuce, if you were hovering, as you called it," said Sir Joseph, "did they slip through your fingers?"

"Because," rejoined Bertie, "between the 5th, the day we first reconnoitered the harbour, and the 19th, the day we found they were flown, we had run into the latitude, in which we knew an immense fleet was expected to cross, on its way from America, and to protect which, we naturally imagined, if the Brest fleet did put to sea, it would proceed."

"You had better have hovered over them," observed Jemmy Vashon.

"We afterwards found," continued Bertie, "that the grand fleet of France, as it was called, under Admiral Villaut, consisting of the ships, we just now called over, and sixteen frigates, had sailed from Brest on the 16th of May, and it is hardly credible, but on the very next day, the 17th, they actually passed so near us, in a thick fog, that they were within hearing of our fog signals. Yes, they distinctly heard our bells and drums. But on the morning of the 18th,

when the fog cleared away, we were entirely out of sight of each other. So even if we had done nothing but hover, friend Vashon, they might equally have escaped us."

Vashon gave him a nod, and winked at the chair.

"On the 19th, in the evening," continued Captain Bertie, "the Venus—"

"Let us drink to the handsome goddess!" interrupted Sir Joseph; and the Paphian Queen was toasted in a bumper.

"The Venus frigate," resumed Bertie, "joined us, from Rear Admiral Montagu's squadron, and from the intelligence brought by her, Lord Howe the next morning, hauled close to the wind, made all sail, and steered a west south west course; for he apprehended Montagu's division might be attacked by the overwhelming fleet of the French admiral. By noon we were enabled to make a good course west and by south, and nothing occurred till about two o'clock on the morning of the 21st, when the look out ships made the signal for a strange fleet, which proved to be part of a convoy from Lisbon, captured on the 6th by the Brest fleet. Out of fifteen or sixteen sail, which appeared, we secured ten. Their

crews were removed, and the vessels burnt, because Lord Howe would not reduce his force, by drafting men to keep possession of them. The rest escaped.

"I think his Lordship might have managed to earn the salvage," observed the cautious Carnegie.

"May I ask, sir, what the "salvage" means? said I, looking inquisitively at the noble Lord.

"Why the salvage," answered the ever ready Sir Joseph, "is money awarded to the recaptors of merchants' ships, or to those who may help to save a ship or cargo from wreck. It is generally paid by underwriters, or those who insure trading vessels during their voyage."

"The prisoners," Bertie proceeded, "informed us, that when they parted from the Brest fleet, on the evening of the 19th, it was in such and such a latitude, and longitude; and that it then consisted of twenty-six sail of the line, and four frigates. They told us moreover, that there was a member of the national convention on board; that they were full of fight, that they meant to use red-hot shot; and that they were determined to engage us yard-arm to yard-arm.

As soon as Lord Howe got the inspiring news that the prey was, as it were, within our spring, we spared no canvass, and made a long board towards them, but on the 22nd the wind headed us, and drove us to the southward. On the morning of the 23rd, a Dutch dogger and two or three prizes which had left the French on the 21st. found themselves amongst us. We took out their men, and sunk them. At noon this day the wind again favoured us, and we were nearly in the same latitude and longitude that the enemy had been in on the 21st. The wind again came contrary, and we had no incident, or accident, till the 25th, when a French line of battle ship, with a merchant ship in tow, was descried at a great distance to windward, while two more sail were discovered to the eastward. Chace was immediately given by the Audacious and Niger, to the eastward, and by our whole fleet towards the two decker to windward. The latter vessel cast off her prize, and got away by decided superiority of sailing. The merchant ship proved to be an American laden with wine, and the man of war, the Audacieux of 74 guns, on her way to join the grand fleet. The other two vessels were the Républicaine, corvette, and

the Inconnue brig, which were captured and destroyed. Having tacked in the chace, Lord Howe at noon, again hauled to the wind, on the starboard tack, with the wind at north and by east. At dawn on the 26th we again tacked, and at noon, the wind having shifted, we steered to the northward. On the morning of the 27th, having got to the northward of the latitude, in which the commander-in-chief calculated the French admiral would be cruizing, for his anxiously expected convoy, we bore up, and ran to the eastward, with the wind which had drawn to the southward on our starboard quarter. "Now, now," said Bertie with more emphasis, "we come again to the morning of the 28th. The Island of Ushant bore about north and by east, distance about 100 leagues; a fresh breeze blowing, and a pitching sea, when, as I began by stating, the look out frigates made signals for the enemy's fleet. I will not repeat the details already given you, but after various efforts, evolutions, and manœuvres, the Bellerophon, (bearing Paisley's flag, and commanded by that admirable fellow, William Hope), at about six P. M. opened her fire upon the Révolutionnaire, in which attack, she was afterwards

assisted, as circumstances would permit, by other ships in our division. At about seven, the Bellerophon bore down on the main body of our fleet, to repair damages, while the Révolutionnaire, who was much punished, and had lost her mizen mast, fell to leeward. In this state she was for a short time engaged by the Leviathan, till the Audacious came up; when the Leviathan proceeded to the next ship in the enemy's line, and the Audacious, placing herself on the Révolutionnaire's quarter, threw in a furious fire. The Russel, which lay some distance to leeward of her, also sent some shot, till she was recalled by signal. The Audacious and Révolutionnaire now became closely engaged, "and I am aware," said Captain Bertie, with some excitement, "that the forecastle men of the Audacious, as well as some hands on board the Russel, said at the time, not only that the Révolutionnaire struck, but that my ship the Thunderer, was hailed and desired to take possession of her. But by whom was I hailed? This question, which I have been asking for the last ten years, has never been answered. Now, in the first place," said he, warming as he went out "the Russel was not close enough to suffer any

loss from the Révolutionnaire's fire, and therefore certainly not near enough to say, if her colors were hauled down or shot away. Moreover, she was recalled before the Révolutionnaire was any thing like *beat;* and the Audacious herself was so cut to pieces, by the superior force of her tremendous opponent, (who looked over her as a grenadier would look down on a drummer) that she could hardly get clear of the enemy's line. Besides, what hesitation could I have in stopping *out of danger*, (I thought I saw the proud sailor's manly heart throb in his bosom, and his lip quivered when he said *out of danger*) to take possession of a *beaten* ship, had I been requested to do so, or had I even seen the necessity of doing so ? No, the Révolutionnaire did not strike, she bore away."

As the captain said " away," he emptied his heel tap, and with so much force did *he strike* his glass as he put it on the table, that it went by the stem, and shivered to pieces.

" Come," said Jemmy Vashon, whose heart was always in the right place, " let us drink the glorious memory of the 1st of June, and your health, Bertie."

A chord was touched, that vibrated through

and through me, like electricity. The toast was drunk, and Bertie went on with the action.

" At day light on the 29th, nine sail of the enemy only appeared, about a league to windward, and they made an effort to get hold of the Audacious, who was repairing her damages. But she bore up, and foiled them, and a thick haze enveloped us all from each other. When the fog cleared away, the Audacieux and a frigate, were seen coming down to assist the Révolutionnaire, who lay between the respective fleets, without a mast standing. At this moment she was passed by her old opponent the Audacious; the latter having again put before the wind, in a most crippled state intending to join the body of our fleet. At this time the Audacieux took the Révolutionnaire in tow, and carried her afterwards in safety to Rochefort. " It was remarkable enough," said Sir Joseph Yorke, " that the Audacious, which belaboured, and the Audacieux which saved, the Révolutionnaire were namesakes."

" So it was," observed Lord Northesk; " and I remember this identity of names caused great confusion, in all the French accounts."

"And if I am not mistaken," said Captain Vashon, "our Audacious was subsequently so pressed by the enemy, in her shattered state, as to be definitely obliged to continue before the wind, and seek shelter in Torbay."

"Exactly!" exclaimed the other three captains in a broadside.

Bertie now resumed, "Almost the whole of the 29th was passed in sharp sparring between different ships of the respective fleets; in which partial contest, (partial, be it understood, entirely owing to the French, who always had the weather gage, from the first moment they saw us on the morning of the 28th, and could therefore at any time have brought on a general action), in this partial contest, I say, the Queen, Royal George, and Royal Sovereign, (which latter bore the flag of Admiral Graves) suffered considerably. But at the close of this day, Lord Howe and the British fleet *had won the weather gage.*

"Check mate to the Frenchman!" said Sir Joseph.

Bertie went on. "At sun down on the 29th, the two fleets were about ten miles apart. As night came on, the weather thickened, and it was not before nine the next morning that it

cleared a little, and a part of the enemy's fleet was seen on the starboard tack in the north west. Lord Howe immediately bore up in chace; but the cursed fog returned, and the French fleet was again out of sight; and so thick did it continue all day, that we could not at times see the next ship ahead of us. The fleet therefore became scattered. At about nine on the morning of the 31st, the weather once more cleared, and we again hastened to regain our respective stations. At noon the enemy were made out to the northward, and at 2 P. M, the commander-in-chief bore up, and the French fleet formed their line on the larboard tack to receive us. Between five and six o'clock, our heavy sailors not being up, we hauled our wind, also on the larboard tack, and waited for them to join, and take their respective stations. At this time no doubt, a general action might have been brought on; but Lord Howe preferred having all his ships in hand. Having therefore made the necessary dispositions, and taken every precaution to prevent the possibility of the enemy getting away from us in the dark, he waited till daylight for the grand attack. On the morning of the 1st of June, we had a moderate breeze, a

smooth sea, and the French fleet a few leagues off on our lee bow. We bore up—closed upon the enemy to about four miles—hove to—and Lord Howe made a general signal for the fleet to go to breakfast!"

"A devilish cool fellow; and with a good appetite too," thought I.

CHAPTER VI.

Lord Howe's Official Dispatches.

"AND now," said Captain Bertie, "having brought our operations to this point I refer you to Lord Howe's official letter, for the rest of the day."

"Bravo! bravo! bravo!" exclaimed the Triumvirate of fraternal captains; while I simply, but, with much earnestness, said, "Oh! I wish I could see the letter!"

"And so you shall, young gentleman," replied the crusty, but good-natured Vashon. "Yorke, you are within reach, touch the bell, and we'll send the waiter to Motley's. He has all the gazettes bound up for his library, and he can give us what we want." The waiter came, went, and brought the book; Sir Joseph opened it at the page, and handed it to me.

"Now, soldier of the royal marines," said the merry knight, "mount that chair, and read us the dispatch, with a clear, distinct, and audible voice. Suit the word to the action, and the action to the word, with this special observance, that you o'er step not the modesty of nature."

I blushed and obeyed. I fancied I could read pretty well, and *au fond* perhaps, I was not very sorry, at this call upon my elocution.

"Bless the boy!" said the amiable peer, "he blushes like a demoiselle. Give him a glass of champaign."

I felt that I became redder still, as I refused, bowed, thanked him, and began.

LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY WEDNESDAY, JULY. 11, 1794.

Admiralty Office, June, 10.

Sir Roger Curtis, first captain to the Admiral Earl Howe, arrived this evening with a despatch from his Lordship to Mr. Stevens, of which the following is a copy:

Queen Charlotte at sea, June 2, 1794. Ushant E, half N. 140 leagues.

Sir,

Thinking it may not be necessary to make a more particular report of my proceedings with the fleet, for the present information of the Lords commissioners of the Admiralty, I confine my communication chiefly in this despatch, to the occurrences when in presence of the enemy yesterday:

Finding on my return off Brest on the 19th past, that the French fleet had a few days before put to sea, and receiving in the same evening, advice from Rear Admiral Montague, I deemed it requisite to endeavour to form a junction with the rear admiral as soon as possible, and proceeded immediately for the station on which he meant to wait the return of the Venus.

But having gained very credible intelligence on the 21st of the same month, whereby I had reason to suppose, the French fleet was then but a few leagues further to the westward, the course before steered, was altered accordingly. On the morning of the 28th the enemy was discovered far to windward, and partial actions were

engaged with them that evening, and the next day.

The weather gage having been obtained in the progress of the last mentioned day, and the fleet being in a situation for bringing the enemy to close action the first instant, the ships bore up together for that purpose between seven and eight o'clock in the morning.

The French, their force consisting of twenty-six ships of the line, opposed to His Majesty's fleet of twenty-five, (the Audacious having parted company with the sternmost ship of the enemy's line, captured in the night of the 28th) waited for the action, and sustained the attack with their customary resolution.

In less than an hour after the close action commenced in the centre, the French admiral engaged by the Queen Charlotte, crowded off, and was followed by most of the ships of his van, in condition to convey sail after him, leaving us with about ten or twelve of his crippled, or totally dismasted ships, exclusive of one sunk in the engagement. The Queen Charlotte had then lost her fore top mast, and her main top mast, fell over the side soon after.

The greater number of the other ships of the British fleet, were at this time so disabled or widely separated, and under such circumstances with respect to those ships of the enemy in a state for action, and with which the firing was still continued, that two or three even of their dismantled ships, attempting to get away under their sprit sail singly, or smaller, sail raised on the stump of the foremast could not be detained.

Seven however, remained in our possession, one of which sunk, before the adequate assistance could be given to her crew, but many were saved.

The Brunswick having lost her mizen mast in the action, and drifted to leeward of the French retreating ships, was obliged to put away large to the northward from them, but not seeing her chased by the enemy in that predicament, I flatter myself she may arrive in safety at Plymouth, all the other twenty-four ships of His Majesty's fleet assembled later in the day, and I am preparing to return with them, as soon as the captured ships of the enemy are secured, to Spithead. The material injury to His Majesty's ships, I understand, is confined principally to

their masts and yards, which I conclude will be speedily replaced.

I have not yet been able to collect regular accounts of the killed and wounded in the different ships. Captain Montagu is the only officer of his rank who fell in the action, the numbers of both descriptions, will, I hope, prove small, the nature of the service considered; but I have the concern of being obliged to add on the same subject, that Admiral Graves has received a wound in the arm, and that Rear Admirals Bowyer and Pasley, and Captain Hutt of the Queen, have each had a leg taken off, they are however, (I have the satisfaction to hear), in a favourable state under these misfortunes; in the captured ships, the numbers of killed and wounded, appear to be very considerable.

Though I shall have on the subject of these different actions with the enemy, distinguished examples hereafter to report, I presume the determined bravery of the several ranks of officers and men, employed under my authority, will already have been sufficiently denoted by the effects of their spirited exertions, and I trust, I shall be excused for postponing the more detailed narration of the other transactions of the fleet

thereon, for being communicated at a future opportunity, more especially, as my first Captain, Sir Roger Curtis, who is charged with this despatch, will be able to give the farther information, the Lords commissioners of the Admiralty may at this time require. It is incumbent on me nevertheless, now to add, that I am greatly indebted to him for his councils, as well as conduct, in every branch of my official duty, and I have similar assistance in the late occurrences to acknowledge of my second captain, Sir Andrew Douglass,

I am &c.

HOWE

List of French ships captured on the first day of June, 1794.

La Juste.	80	guns.
Sans Pareille.	80	,,
L'Américaine.	74	,,
L'Achille.	74	,,
Northumberland.	74	,,
L'Impétueux.	74	,,
Le Vengeur.	74	,, sunk.

When I had finished reading this important,

and interesting document, and had descended from my rostrum, and received applause of my auditors, the questionable points were again discussed, and it seemed to be finally agreed that the Révolutionnaire did *not* strike on the 28th, nor did any line of battle ship sink during the action of the first of June ; but that after the Vengeur had been taken possession of by the Orion, she went down, and more than half her crew were lost. Great praise was also accorded to the French admiral, for the style in which he recovered his beaten ships, the Indomptable and Tyrannicide, which, with some other, Lord Howe, certainly considered himself entitled to, for he reckoned them amongst his captures. It was also agreed on all hands, that the enemy showed decided pluck ; for if he had not sought a general action, he had not attempted to sneak off, or evade one. Moreover, Lord Northesk mentioned, as we broke up, that, with that happy manner of reconciling themselves to all sorts of events however ontoward, which the French so entirely possess, they insisted they had *gained* a victory on the memorable 1st of June ; because, while the contest was going on, the large convoy from America, which has al-

ready been mentioned, slipped by the hostile fleets, and got safely into the harbour of Brest, Whatever opinion, however, the French nation chose to form of the event of the battle, it produced the utmost joy and exultation in England.

When Lord Howe, with a great part of the British fleet and their prizes, anchored at Spithead, the King, with his consort, court and family, left Windsor Castle for Portsmouth, where they embarked under a royal salute, and went on board the Queen Charlotte; from which gallant ship, the commander-in-chief's flag was shifted to a frigate, and the royal standard of England floated at her main There, on his quarter-deck, stood George the Third, surveying the proud array, amidst the thunder of cannon, which spoke from the sea to the heavens, and from the heavens to the sea, proclaiming victory. Then he saw the tri-colour flag of Republican France, quivering in the breeze, beneath his own triumphant banner. There he stood, the mighty monarch of the deep, about to bestow the guerdon of high desert on his gallant seamen and marines. His Majesty first presented a rich diamond-hilted sword to the

commander-in-chief, Richard, fourth Viscount, and first Earl Howe, upon whom he presently conferred the most noble order of the garter, and he was also appointed general of marines.

The next in rank, as well as renown, was the gallant Graves, Admiral of the blue, and the leader of the van in this grand contest. Upon him, who was not able to appear before his sovereign, from the state of his wound, a gold medal and chain was conferred, and he was immediately raised to the peerage, by the title of Lord Graves, Baron of Gravesend; a most fit name to be ennobled, independantly of this achievement, for four of the Admiral's cousins were also distinguished admirals of the British fleet.

Gold medals and chains were also bestowed on Admiral Sir Alexander Hood, on Rear Admiral Gardner, and on the captain of the fleet, Sir Roger Curtis. Rear Admirals Pasley and Bowyer were not sufficiently recovered from their dangerous wounds to be present, but the same honours were conferred upon them, as well as medals and decorations upon other distinguished officers of the fleet.

The King remained several hours on board, and he renewed his visit the following day, after which His Majesty landed at Southampton, and from thence, with his royal court and family returned to Windsor.

On reviewing these great and interesting events, one is forcibly struck by the tact and good taste which marked all Lord Howe's proceedings; for although, as a commander-in-chief, he had too much reason to be dissatisfied with the conduct of some of the commanders who served under him, he let the gallant and glorious bearing of the majority shed a lustre upon the whole; so that notwithstanding he could not, as a just and incorruptible officer, praise them all, he incriminated none; and he contented himself, on handing to the government his supplementary statement of the individual conduct of his ships, by concluding his report, with this well-earned tribute to those, who had, in his own comprehensive words, "particular claim upon his attention," and who were "the Admirals Graves and Sir Alexander Hood; the Rear Admirals Bowyer, Gardner and Pasley; the Captains Lord Hugh Seymour, Pakenham,

Berkely, Gambier, John Harvey, Payne, Parker, Henry Harvey, Pringle, Duckworth and Elphinstone. Special notice," he continues, "is also due to Captains Nichols of the Sovereign, and Hope of the Bellerophon, who became charged with, and well conducted those ships, when the wounded flag officers under whom they served respectively therein, were no longer able to remain at their posts; and Lieutenants Monckton of the Marlborough, and Donelly of the Montagu, in similar situations. These selections, however," (his Lordship adds, with admirable grace and humanity), "should not be construed to the disadvantage of other commanders, who may have been equally deserving the approbation of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, although I am not enabled to make a particular statement of their merits."

It is almost needless to add, that all these officers, received honorary distinctions, as a reward for the pre-eminent merit they displayed on board their respective ships, and which was notified to them by the following letter, with a medal

" My Lord, or Sir,

" The King having been pleased to order a certain number of gold medals to be struck, in commemoration of the victory obtained by His Majesty's fleet, under the command of Earl Howe, over that of the enemy, in the actions of the 28th and 29th of May, and 1st of June 1794, I am commanded by His Majesty to present to you, one of the medals above mentioned; and to signify His Majesty's pleasure, that you should wear it when in your uniform, in the manner described by the directions, which (together with the medal and ribband belonging to it), I have the honour to transmit to you, I am also commanded by His Majesty to acquaint you, that had it been possible for all the officers on whom His Majesty is pleased to confer this mark of his approbation, to attend personally in London, His Majesty would have presented the medal to each of them in person. I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

" SPENCER."

" The Admirals to wear the medal suspended by a ribband round their necks, the captains to wear it from a button hole on the left side, the colour of the ribband blue and white."

Our total loss in this great battle during the three days' operations, amounted to two hundred and ninety killed, and eight hundred and fifty-eight wounded.

CHAPTER VII.

Effects of the storm of 1803 — Tyranny of impressment—Scenes on board the Puissant, receiving vessel—Press gang on shore—The rescue—Convicts—Corporal punishment—Its ill-effects on the navy—Ameliorations—Court Martials.

I NOW return to my own humble narrative, from which I have been led away by that (to me) interesting accident, which brought me into personal contact with the distinguished men, from whose instructive conversation, I gleaned most of the foregoing facts.

The hurricane which had blown me amongst the four sea captains to dinner, (a lobster amongst the leviathans,) had played old mischief in the country, and spread desolation along the coast. As we expected to go to sea, every body was anxious to get early on board, and

as we passed down the streets, the untiled houses, and whole stacks of chimneys, which had been thrown down by the violence of the wind, presented a melancholy appearance. Several wrecks were on the South Sea Beach, and vessels that had drifted, and had still the signal of distress flying; but no boats dared venture to give assistance. Others had been driven amongst the breakers, and were yet to be saved by great exertions. The tide had risen higher than had been known for thirty years, several houses in the point had been washed down, and all bore sad evidences of the ravages of the storm; and the guards of the London mail, and of other coaches, which arrived long after their time, told the most extraordinary stories of the dangers they had passed, and the destruction they had beheld.

The Regulator coach had been blown against a tree, and if the guard had not, by singular presence of mind, immediately opened both doors, and thereby allowed the blast to blow through, it was verily believed, the coach, passengers, horses, tree and all, would have been carried smack from the top of Ports-down Hill n to the sea. The guard of the mail asserted,

that a tree had fallen upon the wheel horses of the heavy Lincoln, and killed them all on the spot.

Another story was related, that a gentleman was driving his lady in a phaeton, and that both were killed by the fall of a great beech tree ; but that the horses continued their journey, and stopped at their master's door, as if nothing had happened.

Certain it is, that great damage was done, and that many valuable lives were lost. Finally, in proof of the extraordinary violence, as well as the great extent, of the hurricane of this night, it was asserted (as an illustration of the proverb touching " an ill wind,") that many thousands of trees were blown down upon strictly entailed estates throughout the kingdom, and that these " wind falls" refreshed the pockets of many a needy lord, and necessitous gentleman.

In London and elsewhere, those mansions of the rich that were strongly and well built, were not materially injured ; but most of the cheap, showy lath and plaster, and Roman cement, the " cottages of gentility" dwellings, were

scattered like packs of cards, which, in more respects than one, they resembled.

The morning following this dreadful night was bright, clear and cold. The wind had gone bang round to the north east, and we had not much difficulty in getting to the three parts manned squadron at St. Helens. The ordinary inducements for sailors to enter on board men of war, had been held out by the captains of the respective ships, without sufficient success. A horror of the capricious tyranny, and the hateful authority vested in the captain, besides better wages being given in the merchant's service, made sailors avoid a king's ship as they would a lazaretto. Recourse was therefore had to that most abhorrent proceeding, that outrage upon the rights of man, and the privileges of a Briton, the "*impressment of seamen.*"

Talk of the military conscription of France, indeed! where all men are made liable, and the path of promotion is open to all, the conscription is no more to be compared in atrocity, to impressment, than fair play is to cheating. In fact, I have never been able to liken impressment to any thing but the hateful captures and

abductions, that were prevalent on the coast of Africa, before the abolition of the slave trade.

Picture to yourself, a fair ship returning from her voyage, and entering the British Channel. Hark to the cheering call of "land ahead!" hear that happy shout answering from below. See the sailor dash the dew from his eye, that he may behold his own, his native land less dimly. Fancy what is passing in his heart as he nears the well known port. How his pulse rises! how eagerly he searches for his cottage on the hill! There—there *she* dwells—there his boy has grown almost a man, and his girl has become a beautiful woman. Thither is he bound, there will he sleep to-night. But no! the spoiler comes! the guard boat is along side; the lieutenant of the impress service seizes him, if he is refractory, binds him like a felon, and because he is a seaman, drags him to a receiving ship, and from thence he is drafted to a man of war.

What *then* becomes of all his happy thoughts, of home, of wife, of children, of a brief interval of personal comfort after months of hardship, danger and misery? No, he is a British sailor,

and *therefore* he is to be treated like a beast of the field, that has no rights, no will, no soul to call his own !

I remember once to have seen the manner of proceeding on board His Majesty's ship, the Puissant, the Sheer hulk and receiving vessel, at Spithead, which was fitted, and adapted to the double capacity, of taking out old masts, and taking in young men. About once, sometimes twice a week, the captain went on board, and all the victims who had been crimped, kidnapped or caught since his previous visitation were mustered on the quarter-deck. The purser's book, was opened before him, and he called over their names, thus, " *Thomas Brown.*"

" Sir."

Captain, " Brown, don't look so blue ; how long have you been at sea ? and how old are you ?"

Brown, " Twenty years at sea, man and boy your honour, and I'm thirty-two year old."

Captain, " You can hand, splice, reef, steer, heave the lead, eh ! Brown ?"

Brown, " Why yes, I doubt I ought your honour."

Captain, "You shall be rated able seaman, and have the King's bounty, Brown."

Brown, "No, thanks to your honour, but I'd rather not."

Captain, "But you must and shall. His Majesty wants such hands as you are."

Brown, "But your honour, my wife and children want me more. The King can do without the like of me, but *they* can't. Besides I've bled for my country; I served last war as a volunteer, before I was spliced and had a family, and I was wounded with Sir John Jervis in ninety-seven."

Captain, "Well, well, as you served before because you liked, you must serve again because I like. Sir John Jervis is now first Lord of the Admiralty, and Earl St. Vincent, and you may go on board either of the three deckers at St. Helens, and write to him. Go below, but once more, will you enter and take the bounty?"

Brown, "No, captain, I can't — my children—"

Captain, "Then you'll go without the bounty that's all, and so march off."

Poor Brown would have still pleaded his services, his wound, his wife and family; but the

master at arms, who stood by with his rattan, in his hand to impose silence, told him to shut his potatoe-trap, and go below ; and the seaman sighed as if his heart would break, and did as he was bid.

" *Richard Jennings.*"

" Sir."

Captain, " Jennings, how long have you been to sea ?"

Jennings, " Four years your honour."

Captain, " *Where* have you served ?"

Jennings, " *No where* your honour."

Captain, " Come, sir, no slang, or I'll marry you to the gunner's daughter. Send a boatswain's mate aft with a cat."

This rather puzzled me, as I had just heard Brown allege his marriage as a reason why he should not be detained. But I afterwards discovered that the captain meant he would seize him up to a gun, and flog him, which on board ship, is delicately and facetiously called being married to the gunner's daughter.

Jennings, " Beg pardon, your honour, I meant I had never served on board a man of war."

Captain, " Time you should then, sir, and amongst other things to learn manners. Will

you enter and take the bounty as an ordinary seaman ?" Jennings seemed to have heard of, if he had never felt or embraced, the gunner's daughter, and declined; but he was forced to follow poor Brown.

" *James Baker.*"

" Sir."

Baker stepped smartly forward, a little, thin, whipper snapper fellow, without calves, with a squint, and a snub nose.

Captain, " Baker, what are you ?"

Baker, " A tailor, your worship."

Captain, " Don't worship me, merchant tailor. What brought you here ?"

Baker, " That are liftenant and his gang sir, took I, just as I was a going home last night."

Lieutenant, " Tell the truth, sir, you were guzzling and cackling like a goose, at the magpie and horse shoe, at the bowling green, outside of Gosport gates."

Baker, " But I was just a going home for all that."

" Well Mr. for all that, you are just a going abroad instead," said the captain. " We want tailors on board as well as ashore, so you'll

drive your needle and be an idler on board one of His Majesty's ships, and to prevent your having more rest than a ground tier butt, you'll be roused up, with every watch, day and night."

Baker, (in a terrible stew) "But, your worship, I'm no sailor."

Captain, "I see that well enough, so I rate you a landsman, and make you an idler."

Baker, "My mother's a widow, your worship, and I supports her, and my two little sisters."

Captain, "What the devil's that to me, to the King, or to the service? A tailor's the most useful man, after a sail maker; so enter, take the bounty, one pound four shillings, and send it to your mother; moreover, allot her half your pay."

The poor tailor burst into tears, and subsequently having no alternative, entered the navy to save his poor mother from starving.

But it is not to be supposed, even if a merchant ship is fortunate enough to avoid the vigilance of the guard boat, which comes down like the hawk upon the sparrow, that her crew is safe, oh no, in port or on shore, her crew are alike besieged, betrayed, crimped and trans-

ported away. At night a lieutenant is directed to land, with a picked gang of desperadoes, and to press from all protections. He may loathe and detest the duty, as brutal and unbecoming; but he is obliged to go; so with a banditti who had swallowed the bounty, and were therefore entitled to be hanged if they deserted, or flogged if they flinched, and primed with an extra allowance of grog, he leaves the ship, so as to land after dark. Every man had some patch upon him, to distinguish him from the objects of their search and capture. The lieutenant and reefers, and petty officers wore their swords and dirks, but the gang who are the operatives, were only allowed to carry bludgeons, or the stretchers of the boats, for fear of murder; though sometimes they had ship's cutlasses, or broad cutting swords. Broken heads, or dislocated limbs, are not taken into the account; so they proceed along the high street at Portsmouth, out of the garrison to the half-way house on the road to Hilsea, where the sound of the fiddle, and the shuffle of hornpipe, and the giddy glass, indicate that their prey is at hand. Happy, light-hearted

souls! how little do they think their besiegers and betrayers are investing them around!

Suddenly the door is battered in breach, and the assault is made. In rush the press gang, to arms! to arms! defence is the cry, we are sold, kidnapped, seize the red hot poker! tongs, fire-shovel, tables, chairs, sticks, stones, coals, any thing that comes to hand! The women join in the fray; screams and tears, and sighs and curses, fill the room. Every missile is called in requisition, and every available object is made a missile. The struggle is long, desperate, bloody, doubtful, but some liberty men, soldiers, (who are returning to their barracks, at Hilsea,) hear the row, join issue, and help to beat off the press gang, who left their hats and bludgeons on the scene of action.

I shall never forget, on an occasion of this kind, what a pretty figure they cut, when they returned on board, bruised, foiled, and vanquished. But the triumph of the victors was of short duration. More efficient means were immediately taken for their capture, and a few nights afterwards, they were made drunk, and discovered by the crimps, then seized and car-

ried forcibly on board, and ultimately carried to sea.

But even these means, desperate and remorseless as they were, did not suffice to complete the complement of men on board the squadron, under sailing orders at St. Helens, and an expedient at once humiliating to the service, and demoralising to the last degree, was resorted to at this period. Government gave orders that a number of convicts should be taken from the prison hulks in Portsmouth harbour, and borne as part of the crew on board the respective men of war, to the number of I think one hundred to each ship. The consequences can be more easily conceived than described. These unhappy children of crime were messed apart; but no real line of separation could be preserved, and they mingled with the rest on duty and in danger, and were sad examples upon which a cruel captain could exercise his despotic, and at that time, quite irresponsible power. "D— him, he's an old offender, a convicted vagabond, tie him up, and flog him, ad libitum, mark his back with blood, and the log board with chalk."

Such executions were of such frequent occur-

rence that the scream of agony fell upon the ear, but the heart took no heed. Having already expressed my abhorrence of corporal punishments under any circumstances, and bearing in mind, that it was cut out of the French code of discipline, in the earliest and worst times of their reckless revolution; recollecting also that it does not exist in any other army or navy in Europe, I have no language to express my sorrow, that it should still remain a blot upon both our services, by sea and land. But if it is barbarous and brutal, in the British army, even when the result of a careful inquiry, and the examination of witnesses on oath, and the sentence of a court of officers of different grades, all duly sworn to act impartially, without prejudice or passion, to the best of their judgment, according to the written articles of war, laying open before them, with the healing power vested on the commanding officer, to remit any part of the punishment. If such, I say, be its character in the army, and under such restrictions, what does it become when any single naval captain has the authority to accuse, condemn

and execute as he pleases, under, perhaps, the influence and excitement of his own anger, unbridled, and oftentimes vicious temper.

Gracious heaven! is it to be believed, that at this very moment, after all the reforms and correction of abuses, after the salutary changes that have been made in the criminal law of England, that now, even now, any commander of a ship wearing a pennant, from the Britannia with a hundred guns, to a steam boat, with no guns at all, that every such person, however ignorant, illiterate or savage he may be, has the power to tie up to the gratings at the gang way, any seaman, marine, or soldier, either in or belonging to, or taking a passage as supernumerary on board, who may incur his displeasure, and inflict a certain number of lashes on his bare and bleeding body. I do not mean to impugn or cast a slur upon any individual, when I declare that this is an arbitrary despotism, which no mortal man should possess over another.

I have served many years, on shore and afloat; at home and abroad; with foreign as well as with British troops; and I have no hesitation in branding it with execration. Moreover, I foresee, and foretell, that if it is persisted

in, it will ultimately destroy the navy. To it I attribute the impossibility of manning men of war by volunteers, and the consequent impressment of seamen, and the infamous expedient of taking convicts from the hulks, to make up the crew. To it I attribute the constant desertions from the navy, and our sailors having sought shelter on board American vessels of war, and their consequent turning their hands, and the guns of the enemy against their mother country. Some stickler for discipline and the scourge, will exclaim, "they flog in the American navy, and they jump from the frying pan into the fire." This proves nothing; for how insupportable must the frying-pan be, 'ere the poor devil jumps out of it into the fire? In short, tyranny of any kind, brutalizes all within its pestilent atmosphere, and woe to England! if she does not eradicate this moral dry-rot from her fleet.

I shall, in the course of these sketches, be obliged to give some examples of the detestable practice of flogging, I shall show that the best men have proved themselves unfit to be invested with such power; and I shall show how some of the worst have abused it by flogging, on going into action, and during the action, and for which

they have fallen by the hands of their own men, who shot them in the battle.

But while I shall, from a sense of duty, bring forward these humiliating proofs of a bad system, I am ready to acknowledge, that during the last thirty years, many ameliorations have taken place in the service. The abuse in the rating, and even the practice of *fictitious* rating, on board ships, is totally changed or abolished, since the time when the sailor and the marine were crossing the admiral's Paddock at Plymouth, in which two long tailed coach horses were grazing, and Jack took a shy at one of them with a stone. "My eyes, Jack!" exclaimed the jolly marine, "don't pelt that poor fellow, he's rated quarter-master on our ship's books."

Flogging midshipmen too, is now of rare occurrence; and mast heading them, (since more than one instance of their falling victims to the practice is on record,) is done away with by order of the admiralty. Reducing non-commissioned officers of marines at the gang way, and transposing the stripes of distinction upon their arm, to stripes of disgrace upon their backs, without any trial, would not now be tolerated. But still, at a naval court-martial,

no officer below the rank of a naval commander, is tried by his peers. No officer under the rank of commander, can sit on a naval court-martial. If therefore a lieutenant in the navy, (who takes rank with a captain in the army) is brought before a court-martial, he is tried by captains ; but if a lieutenant is driven to try his captain by a court-martial, that captain is arraigned before his brother captains. The probabilities in such a case are certainly not in favour of strict justice. In fact, it was quite an understood thing in the navy, that to try your captain by a court-martial, was to renounce all reasonable hopes of promotion in the service. In the army, however, a general court-martial is composed of all ranks, from different regiments and corps, and an ensign has ensigns for his judges.

CHAPTER VIII.

First Christmas-day on board—My first trip—Join the Channel fleet off Ushant—Our mess—The first lieutenant and his wife—The other officers—Mess conversation—Sir John Jervis's official dispatches—Reminiscences of the battle off Cape St. Vincent.

It was a dreary Christmas the first that I passed on board; and on Christmas-eve and Christmas-day, those holy days for holy men, and holidays for boys—I sighed and wished I was at home. To be sure there was real English cheer on board; roast beef and plum pudding. But the ship rolled at her anchors so heavily, and she pitched and rose so uneasily, that my sickening heart longed for rest. I felt dizzy and dying; I could neither eat, drink, nor sleep, and I thought it would be almost a mercy to throw me overboard. However, after eight and forty

hours' clearing out, and having endured all the prescriptions for my qualmishness usually given in such cases, (among which the fat piece of pork tied to a string, was not forgotten) the sea subsided, and my spirits rose.

It was on the morning of the 27th of December, 1803, that the boatswain's shrill pipe, followed by his roar of "All hands unmoor ship a hoy," broke upon my ear. The captain's cow, the ward-room sheep, and a pig, belonging to the gentlemen of the starboard birth below, with sea stock of all kinds, in addition to the King's allowance, had been some days on board; women had gone wailing ashore, or smiling on board some other ship at Spithead; and the moment was come when, for the first time, I was to bid my native land adieu.

My den or cabin being situated in what the middy's call "Capstan Square." I was roused up, that my shutters might by lowered down, and the capstan's bars shipped for getting up the anchors. Ere long, the ship was a-weigh, and her sails beautifully set, and the wind being fair, away we went to sea, in company with the squadron, and "So steady! meet her," "Thus and no near," was the master's call. The breeze

N.E. and her head S.W. the proud ship, with her studding sails set on both sides and her royals aloft, in all the pomp of a *dame de la cour de Louis XIV*, bent her course along those chalky cliffs so often sung; and having cleared the channel, we struck into the immeasurable waters of the Atlantic.

Inspiring, new, and exciting as all this was to me, it has been described so often and so perfectly in poetry and in prose, that I shall not dwell upon it. I was influenced by a new state of existence; I trod on a floating castle filled with armed men; we were bound to the enemy's coast—to the coast of France; and if a rebellious tear did rise as "my own, my native land," sunk into the sea, I dashed it to the breeze that filled our sails.

At nightfall I confess, however, I lingered on the deck, and after beholding such a sunset as I had never seen before, I felt my heart, as it were, melt within me, and tear after tear stole silently down.

In the course of the middle watch, the wind died away; all the light sails were taken in as useless, and we remained becalmed almost all the following day; so that it was not till day-

break on the third day the man at the mast-head called out "land," and "strange sail," almost in the same breath. The land was the Island of Ushant, and the strange sail the Channel fleet, under that eccentric but distinguished officer, the Honorable William Cornwallis. This fleet consisted of thirteen ships of the line, and was standing under easy sail, so we were soon under the Admiral's lee, and our captain's cutter being lowered and manned, he went on board the Ville de Paris, to pay his respects to the Commander-in-Chief.

As we neared the Admiral, a certain number of guns were prepared on our main deck to salute his flag; but that usual compliment was anticipated, and dispensed with by signal; "Billy Blue," as he was characteristically called, having no fancy for forms, or any unnecessary waste of gunpowder. The rest of the St. Helen's squadron joined at the same time, and made our force equal to that of the enemy, who, however, had at least seventeen sail of the line in Brest Roads, ready for sea.

The captain returned on board, with the order of battle, the order of sailing, and other details; and we took our station next a-stern to

the San Josef, of 110 guns, which bore the flag of the Vice-Admiral, Sir Charles Cotton. The first days of a ship's cruise, are not unlike the early stages in a coach; at the beginning you hardly know who your companions are; but by degrees you shake down into your respective places, become gradually acquainted with each, and being thrown together by circumstances, you regard each other with complacency, and feel in some sort bound to contribute to the general harmony and amusement.

Our mess was in all respects a good one. It consisted of fifteen persons; viz:—seven naval lieutenants; one captain, and three subalterns of marines; the master, the purser, the surgeon, and though last, not least in reverence, the chaplain. Here was a sufficient variety of materials to form a most agreeable and indeed instructive society. After the commander, the first lieutenant is of course the great man on board, and with the captain of marines, has much influence over the respective junior officers. I shall never forget our first lieutenant. I preserved to him all his life the greatest respect and affection, for there are few such men to be met with, either in or

out of the service; independently of being a thorough seaman and a first rate officer, he was an elegant and accomplished gentleman. He spoke Italian and French fluently; was a first rate draughtsman; and moreover,

> "He was stately, young, and tall,
> Dreaded in battle, and loved in hall."

Then his *cara sposa*, as he fondly used to call her, was the gentlest and the sweetest creature imaginable, and she loved her sailor, and was kind to his friends. I look back through the dim mist of years, and linger on the memory of those two, and wish (in vain!) that they were with us now. She, though not tall, was of the finest order of fine forms; and nature had touched her looks with something that was scarcely earthly; and purely feminine was she, and so much was there about her of all that the heart wishes or the eye looks for in woman, that her image will never be worn away. He lived to a post-captain, to command a line of battle ship, and I met him long afterwards at Cadiz, changed, it is true, in "compliment extern," but in mind, manner, and heart, the same as ever. The second lieutenant was a

regular tar—famous at boat-sailing—unexceptionable in a squall—had an eye eternally to windward—was sure to clue up and reef in time—was fond of his girl and his glass—and of a Saturday night, whether at sea or in port, used to toast :

" The wind that blows,
The ship that goes,
And the lass that loves a sailor, better than a soldier."

The third lieutenant was the son of a poet, and insisted that his father's translation of the Georgics was equal to the original ; and we used to tease him by repeating the distich :—

Equal to Virgil, it may be perhaps,
But, then, by Jove, 'tis Doctor Trapps.

The fourth lieutenant had a fancy for poring over Blackstone's Commentaries, and as soon as his watch on deck was over, he used to return to his lucubration, and make notes, which we occasionally amused ourselves with shifting from one page and volume to another.

The fifth and sixth lieutenants had no peculiarity that I remember ; but the seventh, the junior, was a great economist, and talked of " the tottle of the whole." He used to hug his quarterly bills, and declare, that " if

you took care of the pence, the pounds and shillings would take care of themselves." Although the youngest in the mess, except myself, he was always called Old Cooper. His coat was out of fashion, but carefully brushed, and his whole exterior pronounced him to be of great method, order and neatness. He was exceedingly respectable, but there was no spring, no elasticity about him.

I now come to my own noble captain of marines. He was a perfect bantam. His cocked hat and regulation feather were nearly as high as himself; but he drew up and plumed himself like a pheasant; gave a good word of command; was a model of intrepidity and personal valour, and had served with Lord Nelson, on board the Vanguard, at the battle of Aboukir.

Of my brother subs, one was of the nabob species, and his colour copper. His father was a General in the Honorable Company's Service; and my comrade Dudley having an indolent cast in his character, made a famous ship marine. The other was a good natured handsome youth from the west of Devon, and whenever there was a calm we used to ask him what he was going to

do? that he might reply in his vernacular dialect, "I'm going to fishing;" which he did for hours together, out of the stern windows, and caught much fish. In the autumn of the following year, he was hotly engaged in the battle of Trafalgar, and kept himself as cool as a cucumber—the admiration of all about him.

Our priest was a native of Wales, as pastoral and as without guile, as the herd upon the hill. He used to tell a story of his former captain, who was a member of Parliament, and so fond of spouting and hearing himself spout, that he occasionally borrowed his pulpit and harangued his crew in a Sunday sermon. To tell the truth, our Cambrian was better in the bottle than in the wood.

The master was a droll old fellow, with great shrewdness and natural talent, but poorly educated. He often said, "give me a quadrant, a line, and a piece of chalk, and I'll take any vessel from Indus to the Pole."

The purser was a person of better education; a great reader and retainer of what he read; had Shakspeare by heart, and used to pass days on the lockers abaft, with jovial Jack Falstaff, and the Merry Wives of Windsor. I delighted to

hear him go over his stories of battles, which he told with great exactness, always be it understood with a distinct declaration on his part, that, as purser, he was ever in the cockpit, where he could be of more use helping the doctor. "But even there," said he, "you were not safe; shot came frequently in between wind and water;" and one man he declared had his head carried off by a twenty-four pounder, while his leg was undergoing amputation. The purser was a great admirer of the actual First Lord of the Admiralty, whom he said had done much good to the service; although he must allow that some old and good hands had been rather unjustly swept out of the dock-yards, by the noble Earl's peremptory and not always discriminate regulations. "It was quite time, Cosway," said the junior lieutenant, in reply, "that the extravagance and fraud existing in His Majesty's arsenals should be put a stop to." "That may be," replied the purser; "but the result of our not having ample supplies of timber in the yards, and the consequence of such a sweeping discharge of artificers is, that no new ships have been built—to say nothing of the mistake of selling stores at the breaking out of a war. In-

deed, some go so far as to declare there were not materials to do the most pressing repairs. However," he continued, in a softened tone, "Lord St. Vincent is not the first man who was better at the head of a fleet, or an army, than at the head of a department. There was the Duke of Marlborough, for instance, the moment he began *politics*——"

"Avast there!" cried the master; "I let you go on, for I was sure you'd split upon politics at last—and now my boy, I bring you up with a wet sail. Mr. President," to the captain of marines, who was always in the chair at dinner, "I move that, according to the rules of the mess, the purser and Cooper be both fined a bottle of sherry for talking politics."

"What do you call politics?" said the junior lieutenant. "It was a mere question of expenditure."

"Why I clapped the stopper on the very word," persisted Soundings; and as there was no dissentient to the extra wine, either by givers or takers, the steward was directed by the chair to put two extra bottles (the mess allowance being a pint of wine each) upon the table.

At this moment the San Josef of 110 guns

was ranging by us to take her station in the order of sailing, having backed her main top sail, and thereby dropped astern of us to pick up her boat. "What a beautiful ship! what a bow! how majestically she rises to the sea, and then dashes it into foam as she descends," said I.

"You remember the old San Josef, Purser?" said the second lieutenant.

"To be sure I do," was the reply; "and by those main chains, into which I could now almost pitch this bit of biscuit, did Nelson board her. I belonged to the little Captain at the time, which was like a sloop alongside of her. But as for Nelson's clambering, he would go up the ladder in Jacob's vision, after fame. It was there our present First Lord of the Admiralty, whom we were rather hard upon just now when I was fined—but Mr. President, I propose the health of Sir John Jervis, now Earl of St. Vincent, who everybody knows commanded the fleet, when that very ship, the San Josef, perhaps the finest ship in the world, was taken."

"How I envy you having been in that great battle, Mr. Cosway," said I. "Perhaps you will tell us some of the particulars."

"Ah! do," said the first lieutenant. "No-

thing reconciles one to the wearying monotony of this blockading system, like the reminiscences of the glorious past, and some hope for the future."

"By the bye," said the purser; "I've got the Admiral's official letter below. I'll go for it, if you all like."

"Do—do!" we all exclaimed together. The purser left the ward room, sunk into the regions below, where day never shines, and by the light of one of his own glims, rummaged out the London Gazette Extraordinary, dated Admiralty Office, 3rd March, 1797, and having resumed his seat at the table, read aloud as follows:—

"Robert Calder, Esq., first Captain to Admiral Sir John Jervis, K.B., arrived this morning with dispatches for Mr. Nepean, of which the following are copies.

Victory, in Lagos Bay, Feb. 16th.

SIR,

"The hopes of falling in with the Spanish fleet, expressed to you in my letter of the 13th instant, were confirmed that night, by our

distinctly hearing the report of their signal guns, and by intelligence received from Captain Foote of H.M.S. Niger, who had, with equal judgment and perseverance, kept company with them for several days on my prescribed rendezvous, (which from the strong south east winds I had never been able to reach) and that they were not more than three or four leagues from us, I anxiously awaited the dawn of day, when being on the starboard tack, Cape St. Vincent bearing E. by N. eight leagues, I had the satisfaction of seeing a number of ships, at forty minutes past ten, the weather being extremely hazy. La Bonne Citoyenne made the signal, that the ships were ships of the line twenty-five in number. His Majesty's squadron under my command consisting of fifteen ships of the line, named in the margin, happily formed in the most compact order of sailing in two lines. By carrying a press of sail I was fortunate in getting in with the enemy's fleet at half past eleven o'clock, before it had time to connect and form a regular order of battle. Such a moment was not to be lost, and confident in the skill, and valour, and discipline of the officers and men, I had the happi-

ness to command, and judging that the honor of His Majesty's arms and the circumstances of the war in these seas required a considerable degree of enterprize, I felt myself justified in departing from the regular system, and passing through their fleet in a line formed with the utmost celerity, tacked, and thereby separated one third from the main body, after a partial canonnade which prevented their rejunction in the evening, and by the very great exertions of the ships, which had the good fortune to arrive up with the enemy on the larboard tack, the ships named in the margin were captured, and the action ceased about five o'clock in the evening. I enclose the most correct list I have been able to obtain of the Spanish fleet opposed to me, amounting to twenty-seven sail of the line, and also an account of the killed and wounded in H.M. ships, as well as in those taken from the enemy. The moment the latter (almost totally dismasted) and H.M. ships Captain and Culloden, are in a state to put to sea, I shall avail myself of the first favourable winds to proceed off Cape St. Vincent on my way to Lisbon. Captain Calder, whose able assistance has greatly

contributed to the public service during my command, is the bearer of this, and will more particularly describe to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, the movements of the squadron on the 14th and the present state of it.

"I am, etc.,

"J. JERVIS."

Victory, Britannia, Prince George, Blenheim, Namur, Captain, Goliah, Excellent, Orion, Colossus, Egmont, Culloden, Irresistible, Diadem.

Salvador del Mundo, 112—San Josef, 112—San Nicolas, 84—San Isidro, 74.

Santissima Trinidada, 130 guns—Mexicaira, 112—Principe d'Asturias, 112—Concepcion, 112—Conde de Regle, 112—Salvador del Mundo, 112 (taken)—San Josef, 112 (taken)—San Nicolas, 84 (taken)—Oriente, 74—Glorioso, 74—Atlante, 74—Conquestador, 74—Soberano, 74—Firme, 74—Pelayo, 74—San Gerano, 74—San Ildefonso, 74—San Juan, 74—San Francesco, 74—San Isidro, 74 (taken)—San Antonio, 74—San Pablo, 74—San Firmio, 74—Neptuna, 74—Bahama, 74; and two more of 74 guns each, names not known.

Return of British killed and wounded :

Killed	73
Wounded	227
Total	300

" It was Nelson in the Minerve, however, who brought us the first news of our being so near the dons," said the second lieutenant, as the purser lay down the Gazette and took up his glass. " But perhaps that circumstance was stated in the letter, the Commander-in-Chief alludes to as written by him on the 13th, the day before the action, and the very day the Minerve joined the fleet."

" But it is very odd," I observed, " that there is no mention in the Admiral's public dispatch of Nelson's having carried the San Josef by boarding."

" I tell you what," dryly observed the senior sub of the marines ; " Flags in some respects resemble petticoats ; they are a *wee bit* jealous now and then."

" It was a gloomy morning," said the purser, " and the Spaniards made two grand mistakes ; one was, that they imagined us part and parcel of

themselves; and the other was, that they thought us greatly inferior in force. But the Culloden, under Captain Trowbridge, followed by the Excellent, Orion, Prince George, Blenheim, Colossus, Victory, Irresistible, Barfleur, Goliath, Britannia, Egmont, Namur, Captain, and Diadem, soon convinced them to the contrary in both instances. I like," he continued, warming as he went on, "I like to give due praise even to our enemies; and one of the Spanish ships distinguished herself on that day in a manner that would have done honour, both as to seamanship and valour, to any man-of-war."

"That was l'Orient!" exclaimed the second lieutenant, who was also in the action. The purser assented. "It was remarkable," continued the lieutenant, "that Nelson's ship, the Captain, the smallest ship of her class, a third-rate in the service, was successively engaged in that action with three of the finest and largest ships in the world—the Santissima Trinidada, the Salvador del Mundo, and the San Josef."

"By the bye," said the parson, "what impious fellows those pious Spaniards are, to give such names to their ships. 'The most Holy

Trinity!' 'The Saviour of the World!' But in the Roman superstition——"

"Bah, Bishop!" cried the doctor, "what signifies a name?"

"Let me go on," said the second lieutenant. "Besides those three very first rates, there was the San Nicolas upon us, a heavy eighty; and she it was (romance as it may sound like) that was carried by boarding, from the little Captain, by the great Commodore. I was a mid of the Captain, and saw it all. It was after we had lost our foremast, and her wheel was shot away, and her rigging cut into ribbands. We were entangled between the San Josef and San Nicolas, when Nelson, raising his one arm, called out to board; and the first man who jumped into the San Nicolas's mizen chains was Captain Berry, late first lieutenant to the Commodore. He was followed by some soldiers of the 69th regiment, who were doing duty on board as marines. Captain Miller, who commanded our ship, and to whom I was aide-de-camp, wanted to be of the party, but the Commodore, as quietly as if he was asking you to take wine, said, 'No, Miller, I must go—you stay to command here!' At this mo-

ment one of the 69th having knocked in the upper quarter gallery window, in sprung Nelson, like a mastiff into a boat-house after a water-rat. He was ably supported, as you may suppose ; now a soldier, now a sailor jumping in, one after the other, like sheep out of a pen at a fair. They found the cabin doors locked outside ; they were, however soon blown open, and a skirmish ensued, in which the Spanish Commodore was killed, as he and his men retreated to the quarter deck, pursued by our Commodore, who, when he got there, found Berry in possession of the poop, and the enemy's flag was then lowered to the feet of the future hero of the Nile."

" Then Nelson did *not* board the ship which just now passed us, the San Josef, by the quarter gallery, after all," said I.

" No, said the purser, taking up the thread the second lieutenant had just dropped ; " it was from the San Nicolas he boarded the San Josef, Captain Berry assisting him as he called it, (poor fellow ! if he had not lost his arm at that infernal business, he would not have wanted assistance) into the main chains ; and on stepping on the quarter deck, the Spanish captain presented his sword, saying :—' The ship

has struck, and the Admiral is mortally wounded.' "

At this stage of the story, our drum beat to arms, and we rose from the table, to attend the evening parade of our respective divisions.

CHAPTER IX.

Admiral Duncan's Official Despatches on the Battle of Camperdown — Reminiscences — Mutiny at the Nore — Admiral Parker — Execution of Parker and his confederates— Parker's wife—Parker's resurrection.

After dinner the following day, as we sat discussing our respective glasses of old Turner's port, the subject of the great naval actions of the last war, was resumed, and Saxton, our fourth lieutenant, treated us with one of his commentaries, having been, as usual, poring over those of his learned friend Blackstone, whenever it was not his watch on deck.

"By the way, Cosway," said he, "that battle of yours with the Spaniards, though very effective in its results (and I by no means intend to disparage them) is not to be compared as a fight, with our set-to with the Dutch on the

eleventh of October following. The Dons made comparatively little play; while Mynheer hammered away at our hulls instead of our rigging, and we suffered terribly."

The purser stood out for the battle of St. Vincent; the fourth lieutenant was for Camperdown; and, in truth, he had the best of the argument; for besides being a bit of a logician, the facts were with him, as he declared he would triumphantly shew; and without more ado, he popped into his cabin, which was just behind his chair, and brought out the bold Duncan's letter, which he laid on the table exclaiming:

> "So well thy words become thee as thy deeds;
> They smack of honour both."

"Aptly quoted, and from Shakspeare," said the purser.

"Pray pass the letter up to the president," said I; "and I propose he reads it from the chair."

Carried, nem-con; and we heard as follows; "Before you begin, please to pass the bottle,

Mr. President," suggested the master; the bottle was passed accordingly.

LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

Monday, October 16th, 1797.
Admiralty Office.

Captain Fairfax of the Venerable, arrived early this morning, with despatches from Adam Duncan Esq. Admiral of the Blue, Commander-in-chief of His Majesty's ships, employed in the North Sea, to Evan Nepean Esq. secretary of the Admiralty of which the following are copies:

Venerable at sea. 13 October, 1797.
Off the coast of Holland.

Sir,

Be pleased to acquaint the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that judging it of consequence, their Lordships should hear as early information as possible, of the defeat of the Dutch fleet, under command of Admiral de Winter, I despatched the Rose cutter at 3 P. M. on the 12th, 11th instant, with a short letter to

you, immediately after the action was ended. I have now farther to acquaint you, for their Lordships' information, that in the night of the 10th instant, after I had sent away my letter to you of that date, I placed my squadron in such a situation, as to prevent the enemy from returning to the Texel, without my falling in with them. At nine o'clock in the morning of the 11th instant, I got sight of Captain Trollope's squadron, with signals flying for an enemy to leeward. I immediately bore up, and made the signal for a general chace, and soon got sight of them, forming in a line on the larboard tack to receive us, the wind at north west. As we approached near, I made the signal for the squadron to shorten sail in order to connect them; soon after I saw the land between Camperdown and Egmont, about nine miles to leeward of the enemy, and finding there was no time to be lost, in making the attack, I made the signal to bear up, break the enemy's line, and engage them to leeward each ship her opponent, by which I got between them and the land, which they were fast approaching. My signals were obeyed with great promptitude, and Vice Admiral Onslow in the Monarch, bore down on the enemy's rear

in the most gallant manner, his division following his example, and the action commenced at about forty minutes past twelve o'clock. The Venerable soon got through the enemy's line, and I began a close action which lasted near two hours and a half, when I observed all the masts of the Dutch Admiral's ship, to go by the board; she was, however, defended for some time in a most gallant manner, but being over-pressed by numbers, her colours were struck, and Admiral de Winter was soon brought on board the Venerable. On looking round me, I observed the ship bearing the Vice Admiral's flag was also dismasted, and had surrendered to Vice-Admiral Onslow, and that many others had likewise struck. Finding we were in nine fathoms water, and not farther than four miles from the land, my attention was so much taken up in getting the heads of the disabled ships off shore, that I was not able to distinguish the number of ships captured, and the wind having been constantly on the land since, we have unavoidably been much dispersed, so that I have not been able to gain an exact account of them, but we have taken possession of eight or nine; more of them had struck, but taking advantage of the

night, and being so near their own coast, they succeeded in getting off, and some of them were seen going into the Texel the next morning. It is with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction I make known to their Lordships, the very gallant behaviour of Vice-Admiral Onslow, the captains, officers, seamen and marines of the squadron, who all appeared actuated by the truly British spirit (at least those I had an opportunity of seeing). One of the enemy's ships caught fire in the action, and drove very near the Venerable, but I have the pleasure to say it was extinguished, and she is one of the ships in our possession. The squadron has suffered much in their masts, yards and rigging, and many of them had lost a number of men, however in no proportion to that of the enemy. The carnage on board the two ships that bore the Admiral's flags, has been beyond all description, these have had no less than two hundred and fifty killed and wounded on board of each ship; and here I have to lament the death of Captain Burgess of His Majesty's ship, Ardent, who brought that ship into action in the most gallant and masterly manner, but was unfortunately killed soon after; however, the ship continued

the action close, till quite disabled. The public have lost a good and gallant officer in Captain Burgess, and I, with others, a sincere friend. Captain Trollope's exertions and active good conduct, in keeping sight of the enemy's fleet, while I came up, have been truly meritorious, and will, I trust, meet a just reward. I send this by Captain Fairfax, by whose able advice I profited much during the action, and who will give their Lordships any further particulars they may wish to know. As most of the ships of the squadron are much disabled, and several of the prizes dismasted, I shall make the best of my way with them to the Nore. I herewith transmit you a list of the killed and wounded on board such of the squadron as I have been able to collect, a list of the enemy's fleet opposed to my squadron, and my line of battle on the day of action.

I am,

Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant.

ADAM DUNCAN.

At the conclusion of the despatch, which we

all applauded, the purser's having taken the hint from Paxton, went on quoting from Macbeth:

> " Besides, this Duncan
> Hath borne his faculties so meekly, hath been
> So dear in his great office—"

when he was interrupted by the first lieutenant, who said, " What ship were you in, Paxton, at Camperdown ?"

" I, my dear Sir ? why I was with Onslow the brave, in the Monarch, who bore his blushing honours at the fore."

" Very true," observed somebody. " Onslow was Vice-Admiral of the red at that time. But there's not a word about your hulls in all the letter," said the purser.

" But there is about our killed and wounded, which amounts to the same thing," retorted Paxton.

" Indeed," said the chaplain, " one of the most remarkable features of that brilliant achievement (under Providence)—"

" Under Admiral Duncan, by your leave," said the doctor, who had been swallowing some heterodox tenets out of a French prize.

"I think there was the manifest interference of the divine goodness," persisted the parson, "in turning the hearts of so many wilful and wicked men, who had just before been in open mutiny and resistance to the laws of their country, to do their duty so boldly, so nobly, in defence of that country."

"Bravo! bravo!" said the president, and we all gave signs of adhesion.

"There's something in what you say, bishop," said the master, "for of all the scenes, I ever beheld, those of the mutiny at the Nore were the most painful."

"The mutiny ran through all our fleets like a disease," said the purser.

"And it was only death that was able to cure it after all," said the doctor, alluding to the execution that had taken place.

From the general conversation that ensued, I gathered the following circumstances. At the close of 1796, the Channel fleet was in a state of mutiny. As early as January following, there was a royal proclamation offering pardon to the mutineers of the squadron at Portsmouth, who should immediately return to their duty. The mutineers at Plymouth had

already submitted, on being promised by the Admiralty, that their demands should be acceded to; but in May the mutiny broke out afresh at Spithead, like a smothered fire, and raged with redoubled fury. The fleet refused to go to sea, and when Admiral Colpoys resisted their demands, refused to receive their delegates, and ordered his marines to fire into their boat, the crew of the London rose in open defiance, deposed the Admiral, struck his flag, and hoisted their own colours. While this was going on, Rear Admiral Curtis' squadron arrived at St. Helens from Torbay, under their own delegates, but on being assured, by the leaders of the revolt, in the Channel fleet, that the Admiralty had come to their terms, they agreed to return also to their duty, and expressed themselves satisfied.

I had not yet been able to obtain any particulars of the most alarming mutiny of all, the mutiny at the Nore, to which reference had been made at the beginning of the conversation. I therefore touched the chord again, and collected the following interesting details. All those who had been present, and seen or had heard

any thing about it, contributing to the stock of information.

About the middle of May of the same year, the revolt at the Nore was at its height; the mutineers chose a committee of twelve from each ship, who investigated the conduct, and in some cases preferred charges against the delegates themselves. Drunkenness, *par exemple*, was punished with the utmost severity. "Self-preservation," they declared, "required the utmost order and sobriety." Regular conferences were daily held at Sheerness, at which the rebel chief, Parker, (whom they dubbed Admiral Parker) presided. These incendiaries both defied and insulted the military; they blockaded the entrance of the Thames; hoisted the flag of revolt; and compelled or cajoled the ships in the Medway, as well as great part of Admiral Duncan's fleet, to join them. Notwithstanding this alarming and unprecedented state of things, and the danger of allowing it to pass with impunity, Lord Spencer, who had before sent a Board of Admiralty to Portsmouth, to negociate with the mutineers of the Channel fleet, offered, in His Majesty's name, the royal

pardon, provided they would directly return to their allegiance. But this offer, which happened to be made on the anniversary of "our wonderful deliverance from the great rebellion," the 29th of May, was audaciously rejected. How true is it, that in commotions of this kind, the dregs from the bottom usually rise upon the surface, and Admiral Parker formed no exception to the rule. This renegado had been only two years in the navy; having stepped on board a man of war from a prison in Perth, where he had been confined, to answer for debts incurred, as a little shop-keeper, in some small place in that county. He had effected his emancipation from gaol, with the parochial bounty of £30, which he took as bounty to enter as a volunteer into His Majesty's naval service. Being a cunning, active, clever fellow, he soon became a petty officer, from which rank, however, for some mal-practices, he was soon degraded, and put again before the mast. He is described to have been a man of saturnine visage, of the middle size, and of a good figure. He was about thirty-five years of age, with just learning enough to make him a dangerous or mischievous fellow on board ship, or any where else. Under

this fellow's sway, all sorts of outrages, not only upon the rules of the service, but even upon the persons of such officers as incurred the resentment of the mutineers, were unhesitatingly perpetrated. The following was the manner and process of one of the punishments, that of ducking. The victim's hands and feet having been previously bound, they were strapped upon their cot, to which a heavy shot was fastened, to make them sink. In this helpless plight, they were attached to a tackle rove at the yard arm. Thus they were hoisted up to the block, and then suddenly let go by the run, souse into the sea, where they were kept some time under water ; they were then hoisted up, and let go by the run alternately, till life was almost gone. They were then in cruel sport, hoisted up by the heels, " to let the water run off their stomachs and clean them out."

The time had arrived however, and things had at length come to such a pass, that further compromise was out of the question ; indeed it had gone too far already ; and decided measures were adopted. An Extraordinary Gazette was accordingly published, containing the King's Proclamation, forbidding under pain of death,

all intercourse with the revolted ships, either personally or by letter. This, aided by the firm and loyal conduct of the corps of marines, produced a return to order and obedience, and on the 14th of June the sham Admiral Parker and his confederates, were arrested and thrown into prison. Soon afterwards, they were severally arraigned, tried for high treason, and condemned to die. The conduct of the unhappy wife of Parker excited much commiseration at the time. Indeed when was there a Conrad without a Medora, or a Rob Roy without his Helen? The rebel's widow, was amongst the numerous examples of woman's devotion, and woman's love. The moment sentence was passed, she exerted every nerve to save him. She made out a petition to the Queen imploring mercy, and carried it to London, to Lord Moreton's house, who was Her Majesty's Chamberlain. There she was refused admittance by the lacqueys; on which she declared to them, that if Parker's life was spared, she would insure them a thousand pounds, and she showed them value to that amount. Upon this, the closed doors opened before her, and she found herself in the presence of the courtly

peer, with her petition in one hand, and her infant child in the other. All intercession was however vain; no mercy could, with safety, be accorded to the guilty leaders of such a confederacy; and on the 30th of the same month, Parker, with other delegates, was executed at the yard arm of the Sandwich of 74 guns at the Nore.

No sooner were his remains deposited on the burial ground at Sheerness, than his wretched widow had them taken up in the night, and brought to a public house on Little Tower Hill, London. Here great alarm and excitement was produced, not only by her raving and despair, but by the superstitious and agitated feelings, so extraordinary a proceeding would naturally cause in the vulgar mind. The lower orders of the people assembled in masses, and surrounded the house, all crying out "to see the mutineer's body." The strange story flew from mouth to mouth, over all the streets of the city, and Tower Hill was covered with a vast and dense crowd. "Parker's resurrection," as the mob called it, was attended by circumstances that threatened the public peace, and obliged the civil power to interfere; and his widow was at

length arrested, and taken before the magistrates at Lambeth, where, in answer to the interrogatories of the bench, she declared that "she had only removed the body for the purpose of a more decent funeral."

CHAPTER X.

Jubilee and thanksgiving for the Victories under Howe, Jervis, and Duncan—The King's visit to St. Pauls—The National Procession—the Ceremonies.

"LET us turn to a brighter page in the history of ninety-seven," said our first lieutenant, "when the King went to St. Pauls, in grand national procession, to return thanks for the three great naval victories under Howe, Jervis, and Duncan, over the French, Spanish, and Dutch fleets. The 19th of December was the day appointed for the jubilee and thanksgiving; and as nothing so solemn and imposing had taken place, since the reign of Anne, or even during the golden days of good Queen Bess, the scene had a novelty about it, that was quite inspiring. I remember the day as if it were yesterday, and even the details of it are so fixed in my memory, that I could tell you the whole order of the procession."

" Do so then," exclaimed two or three voices at once; and the first lieutenant proceeded to give the relation. But as I have not quite so retentive a memory as he had, I shall take leave to refresh, when needful, from the official contemporary relation of this great and solemn national ceremony. " The household troops," said the lieutenant, " consisting of the foot and horse guards, were early under arms, the infantry lined the streets, and the cavalry occupied the Park, Pall Mall and Charing-cross, assisted by the Queen's light horse, and a regiment of dragoon guards. At seven o'clock the seamen and marines, with their officers, assembled in Palace Yard; and at eight the cavalcade commenced in the following order:

A division of Marines from Chatham with their band of music.

Seamen six front with their lieutenants and petty officers, with drawn swords.

12 marines. 12 seamen.

an
artillery waggon
with
French flags,
captured.

12 marines. 12 seamen.

The following distinguished officers in their carriages.

Vice-Admiral Caldwell, 1st June, 1794.

Vice-Admiral Goodall, 14th March, 1795.

Rear-Admiral Hamilton, 23rd June, 1795.

Representatives of Admiral Earl Howe. K. G.

Admiral Lord Bridport and Admiral Lord Holham.

A division of seamen with their lieutenants, &c.

12 marines. 12 seamen.

Artillery waggon, with Spanish flags, captured.

12 marines. 12 seamen.

In carriages.

Vice-Admiral Sir C. Thompson, 14th February, 1797.

Captain J. Harvey, Trinidad, 17th February, 1797.

Representatives of Admiral the Earl St. Vincent. K.B.

Rear-Admiral Harvey.

A division of seamen with their lieutenants, &c.

12 seamen.
12 marines.

Artillery waggon.
with
Dutch flags,
captured.

12 seamen.
12 marines.

In carriages.

Admiral Lord Duncan, 11th October, 1797.

Rear-Admiral Douglas, 17th August, 1797. This officer being the representative of Vice-Admiral Lord Keith, to whom Admiral Lucas with his squadron, had capitulated in Saldanna Bay.

A strong detachment of marines from Portsmouth, with their band.

The foreign ambassadors and ministers.

The Earl of Aylesford with Francis Banker Esq.

The members of the House of Commons, in the rear of whom came the Speaker in his state coach.

Three Knights Marshalmen, clerks of the crown.

Masters in chancery and the twelve judges.

The Lords spiritual and temporal, in their robes.

The Lord High Chancellor, in his robes of state.

The Royal Cavalcade.

1. Coach, household officers of the Duke of Gloucester.

2. Coach, His royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, and Princess Sophia of Gloucester.

3. Household of the Duke of Clarence.

Detachment of life guards.

4. H. R. H. The Duke of Clarence.

5. Household of the Duke of York.

6. H. R. H. The Duke of York.

7. Ladies of the bed-chamber to the Queen.

8. Maids of honour to the Queen.

9. Equerries to Her Majesty.

10. Master of the horse to the Queen.

11. Gentlemen ushers.

12. Deputy Lord Steward.

13. Lords of the bed-chamber.

14. Master of the horse to the King.

15. Their Majesties.

Marshalmen, state trumpeters, and life guards.

16. Mistress of the robes and lady in waiting.

17. The Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth.

18. The Princesses Sophia and Mary.
19. Attendants.

A strong body of life guards.

In this manner the procession paraded to Temple Bar, where their Majesties were received by the Lord Mayor, dressed in a crimson velvet gown, mounted on a fine grey horse elegantly caparisoned, and bearing the sword of the city, which he delivered to the King with his head uncovered. His Majesty graciously accepted this civic compliment, and immediately returned the sword to the Lord Mayor. The two sheriffs in their gowns of office with four of the common council attended to the cathedral, when the corporation received the King. The Lord Mayor carrying the sword immediately before His Majesty's carriage. At the west door of St. Paul's church the peers in their robes, attended by the king at arms, and other officers, met their Majesties. Exactly at a quarter past eleven, the great western doors of the cathedral were thrown open, and the royal procession being met by the Bishop of London and the Dean and Chapter in their robes, entered the sacred temple, and detachments from the first and coldstream regiments of foot guards, formed a double line from

the west door, to the dome ground floor which was flanked by two divisions of marines in the rear, and circulating within eight commanders' flags, taken from our three naval enemies, the French, the Spaniards and the Dutch, by Admirals Earl Howe, Earl St. Vincent and Viscount Duncan. Their Majesties were preceded by the Dukes of York, Clarence and Gloucester, and Prince Ernest, and followed by the five Princesses, and saluted by the troops, with rested arms, the drums, cymbals, and other instruments playing "Rule Britannia!" As soon as the King arrived at the naval circle, he stopped and spoke for some time to Lord Duncan, who held the captive colours of the Dutch Admiral de Winter. He also paused for a moment to speak to Sir Alan Gardener, who bore the principal French standard taken from that enemy on the 1st of June. At the entrance of the choir, the court of Aldermen were drawn up on the right to whom the royal visitants paid a marked respect; on entering the choir their Majesties were seated under a crimson canopy of state. The King took his seat on the right, and her Majesty on the left. The Princesses were in a compart-

ment on the left. The Lord Chancellor was also in a distinguished seat upon the left, as was the Lord Mayor near the pulpit. The Bishop of London, and speaker of the House of Commons had honorary stations on the right. The service commenced about twelve, the vocal choir on the occasion was removed into the organ loft at the close of the first lesson, a naval procession with choral music went from the body of the church to the choir when the British Admirals advanced, with the colours above mentioned, which were supported by junior flag officers and the captains of those ships, to which they were struck. The colours were borne through the choir; where they were received by the Dean and Chapter, and by them ranged on both sides the altar in due order; the remainder of the service was gone through; Doctor Prettyman, Bishop of Lincoln, as Dean of St. Pauls, preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion, from the second book of Samuel, chapter 22nd, verses 2 and 3. The service of the day being concluded, the procession returned through the choir in fuller procession than they had entered,

being joined by all the peers and commons, etc., who were present in the choirs. Their Majesties were preceded by the male branches of the family in their orders and collars of state, viz : the Dukes of York, Clarence, and Gloucester, and Prince Ernest, the Foreign Ambassadors, etc., the Bishop of London was on his Majesty's right hand, and the Bishop of Lincoln on his left ; the sword of state was borne by Earl Spencer in his robes on the right, and that of the City by the Lord Mayor on the left of the King. The King appeared in blue and gold, and the Queen in mazarine blue, with diamond head dress, the Princesses in the same coloured vests, with chained head dresses of gold and white feathers ; their Majesties were received with applause as they passed the body of the church to and fro. The gallant Lord Duncan was greeted with rapturous and repeated plaudits. Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas attended the royal procession in the Windsor uniform, and were received much more favourably within the church than they had been on their passage to it. The ceremony continued till half past one, when their Majesties entered their coach of state and re-

turned to Buckingham House under a similar escort. No material accident occurred to mar the splendour of the day, which closed with great credit to those who had the conduct of its canonical, civil, and military arrangements. The service was concluded about half past two, when the procession returned in the reverse order to that in which it went, and the royal cavalcade arrived at St. James's a few minutes after four o'clock. The sailors and marines were universally cheered by the populace. The former were headed by a number of lieutenants and midshipmen, and the latter by their own officers. The streets from the palace to Temple Bar were closely lined on each side by the horse guards, and the sixth regiment of dragoons, and from thence to St. Pauls by the London militia, the East India volunteers, the light horse association, and the gentlemen of the artillery company. The regiment of dragoons and several other corps, continued to parade the streets of Westminster for the greater part of the night, and all other troops were under orders to attend at a minute's notice, but happily the peaceable demeanour of the people rendered their services wholly unnecessary. Patroles and horse guards

and other cavalry paraded the streets all night. The whole business was conducted with the utmost order and decorum, and the beauty and clearness of the day, greatly increased the splendor and brilliancy of the spectacle.

CHAPTER XI.

A naval promotion—Our captain appointed Rear-Admiral of the blue—His departure for Leith—Succeeded by Captain R. C. Reynolds—Return to Plymouth—Enjoyments on shore—Inconstancy—Mary's cottage—Ordered to sea—Struggle between love and duty—Rejoin the ship—An upset—Saved from drowning by a marine—A surprise—Gallantry rewarded—Reflections on corporeal punishment—Horrible result of a captain's cruelty—Retribution.

We had now been some weeks at sea, when a cutter from Plymouth brought out a naval promotion, which included our warm-tempered and warm-hearted captain. He was promoted to Rear Admiral of the Blue Squadron, and the ship was ordered to Cawsand Bay, where, being succeeded by Captain R. C. Reynolds, he took a friendly farewell of us all, and was cheered by the ship's company as he rowed from the ship. The crew of his barge immediately rowed off and all heartily returned the cheers, then gave what is

called the "Admiral's stroke," a long sweep with the oar, and soon reached the shore, from whence the Rear-Admiral proceeded to Leith, and hoisted his flag as Commander-in-Chief on that station.

Long watching at sea, and the monotonous repetitions on shipboard, had by this time somewhat deadened my feelings; but the air of our own dear native England soon awakened them again, and the sight of lovely woman kindled all our young affections into life.

Oh for that hey-day of the heart, when love's young dream is realized! "For the world, I would not deprive you of the delights of an appetite," said a bloated buffoon, as he turned aside from a famished beggar who asked him for bread; and certainly deprivation is a better purveyor to enjoyment than satiety—or, as the old saw runs, "hunger is the best sauce." But Plymouth furnished fêtes and feasts for an epicure. Who has not seen soft Plymouth, the gem of the west, and its swelling bosom at Mount Edgecumbe, and Cawsand Bay, and the Sound, and its deepening beauties down the harbour, and Mount Wise, and its merry shore?

When I first landed, every thing seemed still to move around me; all was action, animation, joy. All, too, was new; neither place nor person had I ever seen before. A dinner without limit as to expense at the Prince William Henry—the rendez-vous of the sailor-king in his boyhood—was my first enjoyment; then a ball at the Fountain, where the flowers of the west made one forget the peri of the east, and with "words of sunshine," charmed sleep from night. Sailors and soldiers, they say, are forgiven if they change sometimes with the winds that blow them away; and while some find in every port a wife, others cannot light upon a fresh and fragrant flower without inhaling and being bewitched by its sweetness. Here, therefore, as the truth must be confessed, I first failed in my truth to my fair Charlotte, by pouring out my new passion for Mary, of Ivy Bridge, who became the temporary mistress of my thoughts and life. Alas! what could a young, eager, and even fiery spirit, hope to do against so redoubtable a beauty as Mary? She was in her seventeenth year; and I saw the quick blush mantle on her cheek as I declared to her that she was a rare instance of great expectations not being always

succeeded by disappointment; for that although her favourite brother, who had been my comrade and messmate at sea, had indeed described her to me in colours steeped in poetry, after all, the original far surpassed the portrait!

This was pretty well, I think, for a beginner, especially after having been so long confined to a man-of-war.

I must here observe, however, that I had not changed my taste in female beauty; for Mary was precisely in the same general style of loveliness as my first flame; though with some exceptions in detail. She was a clear brunette, with large searching eyes (Charlotte's were different) which, when their rays were concentrated and fell full upon you, scorched like a burning-glass in the sun. Mary's was the full black eye of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; Charlotte's the gazelle eye of the Ianthe (Lady Charlotte Harley) of Lord Byron. Happily, there was a freshness in her smile that came to your relief.

Her dress, though the perfection of modesty in appearance, was very coquettish, in fact, and (as somebody has said somewhere) seemed to be put together in its precise order to be pulled to

pieces by the imagination. In short, the coalition between art and nature was more than I could stand; and I fairly sank on bended knee at the dancing feet of Mary!

There seemed, however, a host of reasons why we could never be united. I was the offspring of one of the poorest members of the church, and Mary was the youngest of five children, and her mother a widow. Mary had two brothers and two sisters. Of her brothers, the eldest inherited, according to the law of primogeniture; he had almost all, and was greedy for the rest. The younger had a scanty allowance, and was careless of expense. So Mary's portion would be very insignificant while her dear mother lived, and we neither of us dreamt of any thing so dismal as her death, which however would not much augment it. Still, we were as gay as squirrels, saw love in each others eyes, and sought for nothing else; and I deemed myself the happiest of mortals on being invited to pass a day or two at her mother's cottage in the country. They called it modestly a cottage, but it was quite a château, approached by an avenue or plantation, with its walled garden, hothouse, coach house, and conservatory, stable, dairy, rookery, and

orchard, pigeon-houses, poultry-yard, peacocks, etc. In short, all life and animation without, and every comfort and attraction within. There was Mary's harp, Eliza's piano, and Agnes's guitar, the Morning Post, and the County Chronicle, magazines, reviews, and many of the fashionable publications of the time. A trout stream ran just outside the dining-room, and a still more inviting stream (of music) *in* the drawing-room ; and, when the three sisters sang in score, which they did most exquisitely, I could not help murmuring to myself,

> " Hush, hush, ye pretty, pretty warbling choir,
> Your thrilling strains awake my pains,
> And kindle soft desire."

To all this was added, a choice collection of books made by their father, who was a bibliographer and a great lover of early poetry, some of the romance of which he had certainly transfused into Mary's composition. I have never since seen a room I liked so well as this room at " the cottage." They called it the saloon ; but it united all the properties of drawing-room, and library, and boudoir ; couches and writing-tables, easy chairs and book-stands, chess-

board and backgammon table ; something suited to everybody ; occupation and amusement, heart and hospitality for all.

Then the lovely dell in which " Oak End Cottage " is situated ! It lies in the romantic hamlet of Ivy Bridge, on the river Erne, between the village of Brent and Plympton St. Mary. The whole course of the Erne is through the most delicious dales and wooded scenery ; but " Ivy Bridge," with its waterfall, has been subject of pencil and pen, and traditionary tale, during many a long year.

Here, then, I passed some days ; here I lay basking in the sunshine of beauty ; here I repeated in echo to their song :

" Ye verdant plains and woody mountains,
Cooling streams and bubbling fountains,
Vain are the pleasures which ye yield,
Too thin the shadows of the grove,
Too faint the gales to cool my love."

And here I should soon have forgotten the ship and its concerns, had I not been roused from my day-dream by the arrival of a letter to say— " Blue Peter is flying at the main, the new captain has joined, and we are going to sea."

"Curse blue Peter, and all Peters," said I, "saints or sailors," and, as a punishment for my sins, I was seized by the blue devils.

What a change came over me!—I had just been invited to prolong my stay, and my letter for more leave was gone; but its certain fate was anticipated by the cruel despatch before me.

What was to be done?—alas, nothing—but obey the summons and go, or sacrifice my duty to my inclination. This I determined never to do; and I may venture here to add, that it is to an unflinching adherence to this resolution, that I mainly ascribe my success in life.

When I took leave of my friends, and endeavoured to thank them for their kindness to me, my tongue refused its office; when I pressed Mary's marble-cold hand, and dared to kiss the dimple on her cheek, we both trembled!

* * * * *

I reached Mount Wise, the usual place of embarkation at Plymouth, just as the sunset gun was fired and the last boat was pushing from the shore. I hesitated for an instant,—"Shall I let the boat go?" said I. "If I do, the ship will

sail without me, and I shall be left behind, and can return to ——" At this moment, while love and duty were struggling in my breast, the story of Fénélon rose to my recollection; I imagined Minerva under the figure of Mentor, throwing the son of Ulysses into the sea, rather than let him remain in temptation on the Island of Calypso; I remembered, too, the commentary my dear father once made on this passage, when he inculcated the principle and urged the practice of duty. I remembered it all. I hailed the boat! she put back, and I stepped on board.

I was so absorbed that I hardly noticed an observation from the midshipman of the barge, that they had been nearly upset on crossing the bridge. I, God help me! was thinking of Ivy Bridge. The bridge in question is a ridge of hidden rocks which runs out from Mount Edgecumbe, and at certain times renders the passage to Cawsand Bay extremely dangerous. I had sat myself down upon the seat, rested my elbow upon the gunnel and leaning my head upon my hand had given myself up to regret. The boat rolled heavily, and the broken waves beat over us. At this anxious moment, a sudden squall

drove us from our course, upon the rocks, capsized the boat, and hurled us all amongst the breakers. All now struggled for life. I was a bad swimmer, and the cramp having seized me; I was carried down twice and had risen for the third and last time. I was sensible of my dreadful and helpless condition; I saw for an instant the beautiful trees on Mount Edgecumbe; the distant ships flitted before my eyes, as I was lifted on the billows; I heard the voices of those who were struggling around me, and felt that I was sinking from the world for ever; I shrieked in bitter agony for mercy, when my mouth was stopped by a wave which stunned and almost choked me—*I was drowning!*—when suddenly my hair was seized with a violent grasp, and a word of wonder broke upon my ear—"Bear up, sir!—courage! You are safe!" said my preserver; "but do not cling to me, or we shall both be lost." As he said this, he pushed me forcibly from him, still keeping my head above water. The encouragement and the sudden succour called me to myself, and I endeavoured to strike out, but failed, my limbs being still collapsed by cramp, and it was only by the strongest efforts of my preserver that I was thrown (in a

state of utter exhaustion) upon the shore. I just remembered that the daring and generous person who had thus saved me had said something about an obligation to me, but I fainted at the time, and, when I came to my senses, I found myself in a fisherman's hut on the outskirts of the village of Cawsand, surrounded by some of our men and the doctor, who had been sent from the ship when the look-out on board saw the boat upset. As the boat's crew and liberty men, (that is men who had gone on shore on leave) who had got safe out of the water had been sent immediately to Cawsand, we had no positive means of knowing to whom I was indebted for my life;—"*But, at any rate, it was a soldier,*" said the fisherman's wife, "and one of those who reached land first; for, the moment he was clear of the surf, he stripped off his jacket and belt, and looked earnestly seaward; then he dashed smack through the breakers again, crying out—'There, I thought so—he's sinking!—and by G—— I'll save him.' And sure enough he did, and brought the young officer by the very hair of his head, smack over the breakers, just as neatly as I've seen our Neptune here," (patting an immense dog) "come out of the yawl with a basket

of fish tied round his neck. He then bid me take care of him, as he 'did not want to be seen in it,' though as I told him he might be proud, nay, rewarded by the tropical (philanthropical) society for saving a Christian soul. He, however, took no notice of what I said, but took up his kit and walked off, rubbing his bayonet with the sleeve of his jacket, and the last words I heard him utter were—'Now, my young gentleman, we are quits.' "

Those to whom I now relate my story, will surely sympathize in my feelings when they are told, that it was the poor fellow upon whose court martial I had sat, the year before, and for whom I manifested a merciful interest, who had generously and gratefully risked his life and saved mine.

Of course, an act of this noble nature, when it became known, made a favourable impression in the ship, and on its being reported to head quarters, he was immediately made a corporal, and before twelve months had passed, he was promoted to be a sergeant in the corps. With what indignation then must one think of subjecting such a man to the infamy of being flagellated at the halberts ! His spirit, once broken on the

wheel of torture, would never have recovered, and this honour to humanity would probably have been flogged into an outlaw and a felon. The son and heir of a British peer, the representative of a county in parliament, declared the other day in the House of Commons, that "he would never vote for the abolition of military punishment." Let him go but a step further, nay, he may stand still, and advocate the bow-string. Among the brute creation, I would, if necessary, shoot a horse, or hang a dog, but not unmercifully flog either. In fact, what would be said to a fellow whom you saw seize a horse to a tree, and give him a thousand lashes? I know what would be done to him; he would be sent to the tread-mill, amidst the yells of the people. And yet British soldiers and sailors are thus diabolically degraded and cut to pieces! A commander of a man of war can flog any common man under his pennon, without even the mockery of a trial. I never think of this without my blood running alternately hot and cold within me. Take an instance of the result of this practice. It was the custom of Captain ——— of the A—— frigate to flog the last man who lay in from the yard, after reefing or handing sails; and it hap-

pened in a fresh gale that the captain of the fore-top, the smartest and best seaman in the ship, after close reefing the top sail, saw that the weather earing was not properly hauled out. He was compelled, therefore, to lay out again, to complete his work, having accomplished which, and recollecting the ignominy that inevitably awaited him, he threw himself from the yard arm into the sea, and perished. As sailors are proverbially superstitious, can it be wondered at, if they supposed that the uneasy spirit of the sailor, over whom no prayer was said, should rise in a mist upon the ocean, and mislead the wandering ship on her return to port, or that his voice should be heard along the deep, or sometimes in the shrouds, or in the screams of the sea bird which haunts the rocks where the vessel is stranded and lost, and her crew buried in the waters under the earth? But retribution, in this case, took the monster singly to herself. The tyrant of the A—— was shot by one of his own people in the midst of battle, and the ill-fought, badly defended frigate, fell into the hands of the enemy.

Here I pause! Let the unmoving finger of scorn and indignation, " point the moral, and adorn the tale."

CHAPTER XII.

Captain C. R. Reynolds—His account of the capture of the French line of battle ship, *Droits de l'Homme*, by the frigates, Amazon and Indefatigable—Shipwreck of the Amazon and *Droits de l'Homme*—Napoleon Medal—Torbay—Bantry Bay—Captain Brisbane—Billy Bedford and the Thunderer—Irish character.

After the accident which had so nearly proved fatal to me, and which might have given me the magnificent marine pyramid, the famous *breakwater*, (since raised in Plymouth) for a monument, I was carried to the boat, taken on board, and put into my cot. The doctor came to see me, and said—what doctors rarely say—that I needed no physic. The fact was, our medico found his own physic!—I was however exhausted, and very weak, and feverish; and low diet, and long sleep were prescribed, to put me on my legs again. I remained many hours in my bed, which had been slung *pro*

tempore, where I might not be disturbed as in "Capstan Square." On my coming on deck, there was nothing to be seen above but the blue sky, and below but the blue sea. Our new captain, R. C. Reynolds, to whom I was now introduced by the first lieutenant, was walking on the weather side. If ever there was a true sailor and "no mistake," Reynolds was one. His mind was in his face, and an open generous one it was; and his heart was in his hand. He received me with the dignity of a gentleman, blended with the kindness of a father. —"Egad," said he, "you were near making food for the fishes I understand, but you must become an expert swimmer. I am very glad to see you;—dine with me to-day.—A fine lad that,"—said he to Guion, as they turned round to continue their conversation and their walk.

What a mercy it is that our fate is wrapt in the will of Providence! Little did my poor captain think, when he was joking about my being food for the fishes, that he was doomed, after all his escapes, to perish beneath the wave! that having become an admiral, with his red flag that had braved the battle and the breeze flying over his head, on board the Saint George of 98 guns, little did he

dream that on returning to England from the Baltic in December 1811 his ship would be wrecked on the western coast of Jutland, and every soul on board be drowned!—But I am anticipating events, and must return to my narrative.

Robert Carthew Reynolds was a renowned commander, and had, early in the war of 1793, when captain of the Amazon, a six and thirty gun frigate, in conjunction with his friend Sir Edward Pellew in the Indefatigable frigate, beaten and driven on shore the "Droits de l'Homme," a French ship of the line carrying 74 guns. As it was supposed, in the navy, to be next to impossible for any single decked ship to face a two decker, or for a frigate to float under the fire of a seventy four, I will endeavour to describe how these two little Davids destroyed the great Goliath. The description may appear somewhat disjointed; but it may be relied on as a whole, for I collected the particulars from time to time, from the daring and distinguished seaman himself. It is besides generally allowed, in the service, to form one of the extraordinary incidents in the annals of the late war.

The reader will be good enough to take the

narrative, as it came, from the lips of the captain himself: of course with the qualification just referred to. "Pellew (afterwards Viscount Exmouth,) in the Indefatigable, and my Amazon, (and a warlike beauty she was) were cruizing together off Ushant, when soon after 12 o'clock on the 13th of January, 1797, the land bearing according to the master's reckoning N.E. distance about 9 leagues, we fell in with a large ship under easy sail, steering for France. We made sail in chace, with a fresh gale at west, and soon ascertained that she was an enemy of the line, but without a poop. Her lower deck ports were down, and seemed deep in the water, and as we rightly suspected, she was full of troops. The Indefatigable could beat us in a strong breeze with a sea, though not in light winds and smooth water, and was therefore able, with the weather which then favoured her, to get first into action. We all cheered, and were delighted at the gallant style in which Sir Edward ran along side so superior a force, and opened his galling fire. We carried every sail we could set, blowing as it did, to get to his support, and reached the enemy's quarter, at the moment the Indefatigable shot ahead of her opponent. It was exactly half past five when we

went to work, and took our fair share of the action. Egad, I thought she must have sunk us. We were like a jolly boat along side of the "Droits de l'Homme;" fortunately, however, she could not always work her lower deck guns, but her main deckers poured right into us. From the press of sail we had carried to get up, it was impossible to stop our weigh, and we too shot ahead of the enemy who, at the moment, almost run the Indefatigable aboard, while she opened both her broadsides on the frigates, and showered in her musquetry like hail. The Amazon had now reduced her canvass; and she sent in a raking fire from head to stern, and, in conjunction with the Indefatigable, we fastened like bull dogs upon the haunches of the great seventy four. There within pistol shot we hung, and worried her for five hours, when we were both obliged to haul off, to secure our masts and fish our yards. We rolled so heavily, that our guns as well as those of our consort, drew the ring bolts, or snapping their breechings like packthread, went with the lurch of the ship, and threatened to capsize us, or at least do us severe mischief. The main deck guns were fought by our men up to their middles in water. The sea frequently got

into the muzzles of the guns, and damaged the powder, and we were obliged to draw instead of discharging them. But the Leviathan, to whom we were so unequally opposed, was in a still worse condition. Her crew were evidently sinking under their toils, and her captain (Lacrosse) who was a baron before the revolution, and a "brave" after it, and above a thousand soldiers who had been embarked on board, began to slacken their fire, and indeed it was quite time, for our men needed a respite. We had three feet, and the Indefatigable four feet water in the hold. The main top mast of Pellew's ship was stript, and saved by a miracle, and most of our rigging was entirely shot away. It was now about four in the morning, and we had been hard at it for ten hours, when the moon broke brightly upon the scene, and discovered our dangerous situation. Lieutenant Bell of the Indefatigable, who was stationed on the fore castle of that ship, suddenly called out "*breakers a head.*" The Indefatigable was then on the starboard bow, and the Amazon equally close on the larboard bow, of the enemy. Pellew, as quick as lightning, hauled tacks and made sail to the southward, he supposed the land to be Ushant, and felt safe; but when morning dawned

"*breakers*" were again seen on his lee bow. At the moment the Indefatigable wore to southward, I put my helm up and wore to the northward. (He never approached this part of the story without being affected.) But I soon saw, and it was soon proved, that seamanship was at a discount. All our efforts to beat the crippled ship off were vain; for in half an hour we were fast on shore. Not far from us, however, we had the consolation, if consolation it could be called, to see our prostrate foe, also aground, with a tremendous sea breaking over her. But then they had this advantage—they were on *their own* shore, we on a hostile one;—so that when we had used up the few spars and what cordage remained to us for rafts, and managed to float ourselves from the wreck to the beach, we were arrested by soldiers, and conducted to prison. But the condition of the Droits de l'Homme was appalling. Besides her usual complement of 700 seamen and marines, above a thousand troops were, as I said before, embarked on board of her; add to which, there were between fifty and sixty English prisoners of war! As soon, therefore, as she grounded, and amidst the desolation and despair that ingulphed them, the French cried loudly

upon their prisoners to come on deck. 'Pauvres Anglais! Pauvres Anglais! montez bien vite, venez de suite! nous sommes tous perdus!'

"The rush was sudden and simultaneous from the cable tier, where the English had been confined during the action; and away they went, helter skelter upon deck, to witness an awful scene—the jaws of death were open to receive them! Despair urged them on, the decks were running with blood and water,—the wounded, the dying, and the dead were floating in the scuppers, the excitement of the battle had ceased—the seventy four was a wreck—and the gallant Amazon, lay stretched, like a dying gladiator, by her side.

"Meanwhile, the Indefatigable was struggling to beat off from the lee shore, against a gale dead an end. Her safety depended on her being able to weather the dreadful Pennemarcks. She passed almost within hail, without the power to help us; and, at about eleven in the morning, she cleared the rocks by a few hundred yards, and thus escaped.

"If I ever envied any man in my life, it was Edward Pellew at this moment.

" But to return to the Droits de l'Homme. As day came on, the people encreased to a multitude on the shore; but such was the state of the weather, so violently did the tempest rage—that to afford any assistance to the wreck was impossible. They had been thirty hours without food, and hunger began to do its desperate work upon them. At low water this day, a boat left the Droits de l'Homme with an English captain and some fellow prisoners, and they reached the shore. Others attempted to follow, but perished in the surf. Another night was endured, and hope came with the returning dawn; larger rafts were constructed, and the largest boat was got out and manned; and such of the wounded, as were still alive, the women, and the most helpless and oldest men were put in her. But, at the moment she was leaving the wreck, a hundred desperate beings, in defiance of their officers, jumped on board, upset the boat, and every soul in her sank to rise no more.

" The French adjutant-general, Mr. Renier, thought he might reach the shore; but, plunging into the sea, he was carried down, and soon after floated a corpse.

" Already nine hundred souls were lost, when

the fourth night came, with accumulated horrors. Exhausted and almost mad from gnawing hunger, the remaining sufferers envied the fate of those who could no longer feel. A raging thirst now consumed us; and wine and salt water did but increase the agony. A little cask of vinegar floated up, and each had half a wine glass. This gave momentary relief, but the demon, worse than death, returned—all was at the last extremity; every one was expiring; the ship had divided, and there was nothing to hold by. The fourth day brought a milder sky, and the sea went down a little; but all were now lost to every sense of humanity: they saw each other die without commiseration, and even thought of murder, for something to sustain life. Lots were even drawn which would decide the fate of one, and the fatal die was about to be cast, when the sight of a sail stole over their scared and shattered senses and appeared like a vision of hope to stay and sustain them. Soon after another sail appeared, and both anchored at a short distance from the wreck. They saw their boats, and took off about one hundred and fifty persons. They could do no more that night, and the next morning, the rest were mostly dead, or washed away."

Lieutenant Elias Pepin the 63rd regiment who was prisoner on board the Droits de l'Homme published an account of their sufferings, in which he says, "I was saved about ten o'clock in the morning of the 18th, with my two brother officers, the captain of the ship, and general Humbert. They treated us with great humanity on board the cutter; giving us a little weak brandy and water every five or six minutes, and afterwards a bason of soup. I fell on the locker in a kind of trance, in which I remained for thirty hours. We were taken to Brest almost naked, where some rough covering was given us; and in consequence of our sufferings, and the help we had afforded in saving so many lives, a cartel was fitted by order of the French government, to send us home without ransom or exchange. We arrived at Plymouth on the 7th of March following."

Some attempts were subsequently made to save the wrecks; but both ships went to pieces, and the victor and vanquished perished together. At the commencement of the action, there were one thousand seven hundred and fifty fighting men on board the Droits de l'Homme, of whom fifteen hundred were killed or lost, and for

which number, as certified by the surviving officers at Paris, the crews of the Indefatigable and Amazon shared the usual allowance, for head money—viz five pounds per man for all on board, when a ship is taken or destroyed.

Let me now turn to a happier page in my new commander's memoirs. In January 1798 he was captain of the beautiful frigate Pomona, of 40 guns, *and at eleven at night* on the 5th of that, to him, memorable month of January, off the very same island of Ushant, where he was cruising, when he descried the Droits de l'Homme, he fell in with the Chori, of 26 guns. But the night was dark and her commander bold, and it was not till after a smart action, when having lost her mizen-mast with many of her men killed or wounded, that she called out " quarter or we sink."

" We come to your aid," replied Reynolds ; and his boats were immediately lowered, the prisoners brought on board, and the shot holes were plugged. But no efforts could keep the ship afloat: she went down alongside the Pomona. It was under this brave and good hearted sailor, that I had now the honour to serve ; and it was not long before I saw him in his glory, with my own

eyes. While I was at dinner, according to invitation with Captain Reynolds, a strange sail was announced by the officer of the watch, and in the evening we rejoined the channel fleet. Fresh beef and last news, bullocks and letters, were now distributed by us according to our instructions to the respective ships, after which we took our former position in the order of sailing. We again followed the old routine, standing off and on, generally making the lighthouse on Ushant, about 12 o'clock every day when the weather was fair and clear.

The master had returned on board from the in-shore squadron, where he had been some days engaged on a survey, and in taking some soundings, when on coming down to the ward room, he called out, "Here—look here what we have got out of a coaster. Here's a medal ready cut and dried, to commemorate the conquest of great Britain by Bony!" and he produced a copper medal. We of course crowded round him to see it. On one side was the head of Napoleon crowned with laurels, with the inscription "Napoléon Empereur;" on the reverse was depicted Hercules stifling a monster, half man half fish, with the inscription "Descente en Angleterre." And on

the edge, was "Frappée à Londres, en 1804!" "Well, that beats cock-fighting," said one. "Yes, but it's reckoning his chickens before they are hatched," said a second. "Why what force has he in Boulogne?" inquired a third. "According to the coaster, whom I would no more believe than a Yankee"—replied the master—"Bony has collected a flotilla of above twelve hundred Praams; with eight hundred more in the neighbouring ports; making a sort of Armada the second, of two thousand vessels. The country round, too, and the towns themselves, are crowded with troops. There is a large encampment upon the hills; and he has built a tower, as high as Babel, on the heights near Boulogne, from which he can see England clearly."

It may be easily supposed that this incident, and the discussions it brought on, caused no little mirth among us. The idea of "le petit caporal" and his bands crossing the sea to Dover, as if it were a Macadamized road, and marching up to London without more ado, was too good a joke to be lost upon us.

Our existence was now one unvaried, unbroken monotony—standing off and on—on and off—sea, sky—Ushant,—Ushant, sky and sea. Soup and

bouilli, and fish for dinner to-day,—fish, soup and bouilli, for dinner to-morrow;—and alas! no perdrix at all!

During these long months, only one attempt (if attempt it could be called) was made on the part of the enemy to move out; about the 25th of July, their advanced squadron, consisting of five sail of the line, and three frigates weighed in a fog, and stood for Ratz. But Sir Thomas Graves, commanding our in-shore squadron, lay watching, and waiting for them, like a tiger, ready to spring on his prey. The fog cleared sufficiently for him to see them, and he frightened them back, to the protection of their port.

We had now been many months at sea, and most weary were we of a monotony that it is vain to describe. We knew no change on the dull dead sea, save when the breeze brightened us up, the gale put us on the *qui vive*, or the storm excited us to some necessary exertion. The sun only rose to sink, and sank only to rise again.

> "We ate, and drank, and slept—what then?
> We ate, and drank, and slept again."

At last however a novelty did turn up; yield-

ing to the fury of a S.W. Gale, the Commander-in-chief bore up, and the whole fleet, after a few hours' run, passed the Start, rounded Berry Head, and anchored in Torbay. "Well," said I, "'tis an ill wind that blows nobody good:" thinking upon *Ivy Bridge*, which was only a few miles from the ship. "I'll get leave, go on shore at Brixton, and then 'I'll love and I'll ride away.'"

So I desired my servant to polish my boots, with fixed spurs, which the captain called non-recoils, and the master declared were only fit to be worn by a horse marine.

"Come, Master Soundings," retorted I, "let me mount my hobby as I please, and if you want an airing on your's, why mount the spanker boom."

By the bye, it has always been a rule with me, to treat these occasional, and I am happy to add, rare impertinencies of some sailors as well as land lubbers in this manner; to give them as good as they send, a Roland for their Oliver—when, for instance, such saucy stuff as "Take that marine off the table," has been applied to the removing of an empty bottle, I have simply observed, "That empty bottle has just

done its duty, and is quite ready to do it again, and *that is more than all can say*."

We had trooped and relieved guard; the ship's company had been mustered at divisions, and, being Sunday, I had read the articles of war to the men, and heard the sermon from the parson; when, having obtained leave for twenty-four hours, I put on my mufti or plain coat, and round castor, and was just tripping, not over my spurs, gentle reader, but over the gangway, when a signal gun was fired from the Commander-in-chief's ship. In a moment the beautiful vision before me was dispelled, and all my aspirations sank down to zero.

"The Admiral is getting under weigh, Sir," said the signal lieutenant to the captain.

"*Call the men out of the boat, and hoist her up.*" — "*All hands up anchor, ahoy!*" were the several orders now flying fore and aft the ship.

A very light air from the eastward was beginning to curl on the wave, but a heavy swell still set in from the south west; and some surprise was felt, that so good a seaman as the Commander-in-chief should move such heavy ships under such circumstances. But to obey, and

not to reason, is the rule afloat; and presently all the fleet were a-weigh. The mistake was, however, immediately manifest; the Commander-in-chief and the second in command in the Ville de Paris and San Josef, were getting into a dilemma; and the fleet generally could do little with so light a wind, against so heavy a swell. Anxiety and alarm were on the countenances of Guion and the captain when I left the deck to put off my "plain suit;" and I had hardly reached the ward room, when bang! we struck upon the rocks with such a force, as made me bound against the upper deck. The mighty ship reeled, and trembled like a leaf; every joint of her seemed racked and strained—it was like a *tremblement de terre*. I passed the main deck just as the first gun of distress was fired, and reached the poop to witness the narrow escape of several ships. The Ville de Paris and San Josef had signals flying for "all boats," and in a twinkling there were forty or fifty boats a head of each, towing them. We were left to shift for ourselves, for both the Admirals had too great a chance of partaking of our position to spare us a single boat. But with our own boats, by our own resources and exertions, and with the happy

help of a spring tide, (without which all our efforts would have been vain), we floated off; and the breeze freshening at the time, the whole fleet cleared the Berry Head, and stood out to sea.

We could not exactly ascertain what damage we had received; but the carpenter examined and reported, and a letter was written by the captain to the Commander-in-chief, the contents of which neither I, nor the personage to whom it was addressed ever knew; for when the signal lieutenant reached the Ville de Paris with the despatch, the Admiral, who was on the quarter deck, said to him: "Well Sir, how came the ship ashore?"

"I have a letter from the captain to you, Sir," said the lieutenant bowing, and presenting it to him.

"Billy Blue" took the letter and, without opening it, tore it into bits which were instantly puffed away by the breeze. "Go on board, Sir," muttered the Admiral, and the lieutenant came on board.

It was in the stormy month of November that a rumour reached our government, of a project of Napoleon's to make a descent upon Ireland.

Admiral Cornwallis was in consequence instructed to detach some ships, to be ready to receive the expedition with the honours of war; and for this service the Princess Royal, Goliath, and Thunderer were selected. After some bad weather, we made Cape Clear, and from thence proceeded to Bantry Bay, the shore of which, and the Island of Beare, are the only part of the sod I have ever trod upon. The Bay of Bantry is of the most magnificent description; all the navies of Europe might ride in it. It is more than twenty six miles long, a league broad, and forty fathoms deep; the surrounding coast is picturesque and beautiful, and in some parts sublime, vying even with the mountain scenery of Switzerland.

Besides ourselves, as I have already mentioned, we had with us the Goliath, Captain Charles Brisbane. This officer soon afterwards exchanged this fine line of battle ship for the "Saucy Arethusa;" his eager and chivalrous spirit preferring the activity of a frigate to the dignity of a seventy-four; and on board of her he performed the most brilliant services, taking the Pomona in the West Indies, in company with the Anson, Captain Lydiard, from under

batteries that threw red hot shot, and set his ship on fire; he however extinguished the flames, and extracted the foe. But his subsequent capture of the colony and island of Curaçoa, was one of those romantic achievements, that, like the defence of Anholt in 1811, puts credulity to the test.

In more particularly alluding to this occurrence here, I am aware that I am anticipating the course of events. But I liked that gallant, gentlemanly sailor, and I must tell the story. The Commander-in-chief at Jamaica, Admiral Dacres, having been informed that the Dutch colony of Curaçoa was inclined to ally themselves to England, Captain, afterwards Sir Charles Brisbane, with three frigates, the Arethusa, his own ship, the Anson, Captain Lydiard, and the Latona, Captain Wood, were sent from Port Royal towards the close of 1806, to feel the Dutchman's pulse, and ascertain if it beat true. On his way, he was joined by the Fisgard frigate, of 38 guns, Captain Bolton, bound to Jamaica: (having already obtained permission from the Admiral, that should he fall in with her to add her to his frigate force.) Arrived at Aruba, Brisbane conceived and planned the en-

terprise of carrying Curaçoa by a coup-de-main, and he took every measure to secure success. The island was strongly fortified by nature and art. The Dutch burghers were a brave and hardy race, somewhat of the badger sort ; so to take them unawares, to pop the muzzles of his guns into their bed-room windows, was the plan and practice. Each ship had her work cut out ; a regular mode of attack was prescribed ; storming parties were organized, and badges of distinction were worn by the detachments who were to act on shore. The harbour was defended by regular fortifications of double tiers of guns. Fort Amsterdam, alone, mounted sixty-eight pieces of cannon. The entrance was only fifty yards wide, across which the Dutch frigate, Haalstaar, of thirty-six guns, commanded by Cornelius Evertz, a corvette of twenty guns, and two armed schooners, were moored. There was besides a chain of batteries on Messelburg Heights ; and an uncommonly strong position, (Fort République,) was within grape-shot distance, and enfiladed the whole approach.

It was on New Year's day that, supposing the square sterned Dutchman to be in the sleeping cup, or making merry and full of glee, the

four British frigates, the Arethusa leading, with a white flag flying at her fore, bore into the port. But the forts and shipping paid no attention to the symbol of truce, and opened their fire. At this crisis, the wind headed the Arethusa, and fortune seemed to be about to forsake the brave; but another change enabled the frigates to get in; they faced the flotilla and forts; anchored, and opened their broadsides.

Soon after six o'clock, Captain Brisbane, at the head of his marines, and a detachment of his ship's company, boarded and carried the Dutch frigate; while the captain of the Anson, at the head of his men, carried and secured the Surinam, and disposed of the schooners. These preliminaries being performed, away they went, and landed about half-past seven, and soon stormed and carried Fort Amsterdam. Difficulties and resistance vanished before them. The marines and detachments of seamen from the Fisgard and Latona, burst open the sea gate with their musquets and crow-bars, while others scaled the walls. The forts were garrisoned by regular troops, but they were carried hand over hand, as were the minor forts, the citadel and the town, so that, by ten o'clock, the whole island

had capitulated, and the British flag floated on Curaçoa !—

Having duly recorded this incomparable achievement, by which a whole colony was conquered and taken possession of by four frigates, we will return to the Emerald Isle.

Besides the Goliath, Captain Brisbane, we had "Billy Bedford," and the Thunderer. The latter got on shore on Beare Island, and threatened to leave her bones there; but we took her stores and guns out, lightened her sufficiently, and got her off. Of "Billy Bedford" I never heard any thing remarkable. It only makes one shiver to think, that so ordinary a mortal should have had the extraordinary power of flogging his fellow creatures *à volonté*.

During our sojourn here we had some specimens of the racy qualities of the Irish character. The sight of the ships filled the Irish girls with hopes and wishes for another member of the Isle of Man;* and mighty was the joy when we anchored near Castle Town; merry were the jigs we danced on board; inspiring were the delights

* Captain Honeyman, M.P. for the Isle of Man, had recently married Miss Broderick, of the Irish Isle of Beare.

we experienced on shore. There was Brisbane in his full gold laced coat, his shorts, stockings and buckles, and the Irish piper, and such a *corps de ballet!* Then somebody's cousin died, and there was a wake at the funeral. Well may they call it a *wake;* for so desperate a howling I never heard, and sound must be that sleep which is not disturbed by it. "Your honour's an early bird," replied Paddy to our parson, when he attempted to elicit a spark from him; and the "early bird" retained his sobriquet.

One day, the parson met another native, creeping along some broken ground on the Island of Beare, with a gun without a lock. "Why, Paddy," said he, "your gun has no lock." "Silence, ye soul," whispered Pat. "The rabbits don't know that."

The Irish cabin has been too often described, to allow of my giving it a new feature. The muddy mound, with the smoke coming through the entrance, is to be seen on the borders of Bantry in all its original charms. I looked in at one, *en passant*, and saw a group of healthy dirty-looking brats, swallowing potatoes, and holding out their fingers to some-

thing hung up in the midst of the smoke. "Why, what are they doing?" said I.

"Sure your honour's honour, and they are taking potatoes and point," replied the mother.

"Potatoes and what?" I inquired.

"They eat the potatoes and point at the herring, your honour, and surely that gives it a fanciful flavour at a little cost. It's rare, and a fait day, *(fête)* when we indulge in the beast itself."—

The purser went up to the town of Bantry for supplies, and got a lift, as he could, from chaises on the roads. From one place he started from the house half-way up the hill, from which Paddy turned round, and went to the bottom, to give his garrons a start, and entice them to face the mountain.

After passing a few weeks amongst these joyous people, our squadron was recalled, and we again joined the Commander-in-chief of the Channel fleet. As the ship had made much water in the storm of Cape Clear, we were ordered into dock, and it was a miracle we got there; for it appeared that if the masses of rock

we had gathered from the reefs at Torbay, had not stuck fast in the beds they had made for themselves in the ship's bottom, and thereby plugged their own holes, and kept the water out, we should unquestionably have sunk at sea.

CHAPTER XIII.

Plymouth—Ivy Bridge—Jack and the barber—Jack and his bride—Blowing up of the Orient—Lord Nelson's despatch on the Battle of the Nile—Pursuit of Napoleon and his expedition—Captain Trowbridge of the Culloden.

While we were in dock at Plymouth, for the repairs so indispensable to our future preservation, the ship's company were borne on board a hulk in the harbour, and we had full liberty and full leisure to enjoy the recreation of the shore. I paid more than one visit to my divinity at Ivy bridge, and counted my beads, and recounted my juvenile vows, at the shrine of my adored and adorable Saint Mary. There is nothing at a sea-port more droll than the vagaries of the sailor, and the facility with which he relieves himself of his hard-earned pay.

I remember seeing a Jack whose ship had

just been paid and who was flush of money, arrest a hair dresser in the Fore Street of Plymouth Dock, and insist upon his shaving him *al fresco*. The *coiffeur* hesitated, Jack was peremptory; and after the operation had been duly performed, he pulled out a five pound local note, payable to bearer there or in London, and presented it, besides his acknowledgments, to the astounded barber. Another hero of the top or forecastle determined to marry his mistress, who had gone off to his ship, as certain young ladies go to India, singing,

> "Come, ferryman, ferry me over,
> To a ship that's call'd the Fame
> For there I've got a husband,
> But hang me, if I know his name,"

and the ceremony having been duly performed and registered, he took three post chaises from the Fountain, one with four posters, the other two, with a pair each. In the first, he put his hat, in the second his stick, and Moll and himself occupied the third: in this manner, he proceeded to Ivy Bridge, passed the wedding night, and having unburthened himself of all his ready, returned in a van; and his liberty being ex-

pired, his pocket empty, and himself therefore without care, went quietly on board his ship.

At Plymouth, I saw the Hebe Holloway, then Mrs. Otway. There also I met the lovely Miss Carroll, since married to Colonel Nelson; the English de Staël, Jane St. Aubyn; and many others whose names would grace my page, as they now pass in bright parade before the review of my memory. A cousin of Mrs. Nelson was an officer of "ours," and was distantly connected (and who would not be proud to claim the hundredth remove) with the Nelson of the navy?

Names often lead to events, and, as our captain of Marines had served in the *Vanguard* at the Nile, we used to inquire of him about the battle of Aboukir. The description of the blowing up of the Orient in that great victory quite charmed me; for Noble used to paint the scene, with peculiar pathos and effect. "Etna in flames," he used to say, "may resemble her burning; the fire rushing from her ports, and flying up her sides, giving its own red colour to the water, and for a time seeming to subdue its rival element, then, dashing like a thunder-bolt along the rigging, primed as it was by pitch and

tar, the dry sails in that hot climate catching like tinder and burning like blue lights; the flames of burning Etna, I say, may resemble this; and the searing cinders and scalding lava she vomits forth are undoubtedly dreadful to behold. But the last explosion, the bursting of the magazine, the blowing into the air of a three decker of a hundred guns with all her crew; this can have no adequate parallel. Etna remains and burns, but the mighty ship and all that she contained, was in an instant (and he raised his hand to Heaven) blown into eternity!"

"True," observed Mr. Conway, "it can only be likened to Shakespeare's picture of the termination of the universe, when he says:

> 'The great globe itself,
> Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
> And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> Leave not a wreck behind.'"

"How I envy you being in the Vanguard with Nelson," said I, addressing myself to Captain Noble.

"Yes, I was with him, close to him," he replied.

"What, near him?"—near him when he

was wounded? did you see him? hear him? did you really see the blood of Britain's best sailor moisten the deck of the Vanguard at the Nile? who could then have foretold that in a few short years, it would run its last drop upon the deck of the Victory, at Trafalgar?"

"Pray," continued I, "do you happen to have Lord Nelson's account of the battle?"

"Yes," he said, "I have his official letter," and he fetched it from his cabin, I received it thankfully; retired to mine, and read as follows:

Vanguard off the Mouth of the Nile.
August 8, 1798.

My Lord,

Almighty God has blessed his Majesty's arms in the late battle, by a great victory over the fleet of the enemy, whom I attacked at sunset on the 1st of August off the mouth of the Nile; the enemy were moored in a strong line of battle for defending the entrance of the bay (of shoals) flanked by numerous gun boats, four frigates and a battery of guns and mortars, on an island in their van; but nothing could withstand the squadron your Lordship did me the honour to

place under my command. Their high state of discipline is well known to you; and with the judgment of the captains, together with their valour and that of the officers and men of every description, it was absolutely irresistible. Could any thing from my pen add to the characters of the captains, I would write it with pleasure, but that is impossible. I have to regret the loss of Captain Westcott of the Majestic, who was killed early in the action; but the ship was continued to be so well fought by her first lieutenant, Mr. Cuthbert, that I have given him an order to command her till your Lordship's pleasure is known.

The ships of the enemy, all but their two rear ships are nearly dismasted; and those two, with two frigates, I am sorry to say, made their escape; nor was it, I assure you, in my power to prevent them. Captain Hood most handsomely endeavoured to do it; but I had no ship in a condition to support the Zealous and I was obliged to call her in.

The support and assistance I have received from Captain Berry cannot be sufficiently expressed. I was wounded in the head and obliged to be carried off the deck, but the service suffered

no loss by that event. Captain Berry was fully equal to the important service then going on, and to him I must beg to refer you, for every information relative to this victory. He will present you with the flag of the second in command, that of the Commander-in-chief being burnt in the Orient.

Herewith, I transmit you lists of the killed and wounded; and the lines of battle of ourselves and the French.

Signed, HORATIO NELSON.

LINE OF BATTLE.

1. Culloden. T. Troubridge, Captain, 74 guns, 590 men; 2. Theseus, R. W. Miller, Captain, 74 guns, 590 men; 3. Alexander, Alexander J. Ball, Captain, 74 guns, 590 men; 4. Vanguard, Rear Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson, K.B. Edward Berry, Captain, 75 guns, 595 men; 5. Minotaur, Thomas Louis, Captain, 74 guns, 640 men; 6. Leander, T. B. Thomson, Captain, 50 guns, 343 men; 7. Swiftsure, B. Hallowell, Captain, 74 guns, 590 men; 8. Audacious, Davidge Gould, Captain, 74 guns, 590; 9. Defence, John Peyton, Captain, 74 guns, 590 men; 10. Zealous,

Samuel Hood, Captain, 74 guns, 590 men; 11. Orion, Sir James Saumarez, Captain, 74 guns, 590 men; 12. Goliath, Thomas Foley, Captain, 74 guns, 590 men; 13. Majestic, George B. Westcott, Captain, 74 guns, 590 men; 14. Bellerophon, Henry D. E. Darby, Captain, 74 guns, 590 men; la Mutine, brig.

HORATIO NELSON.

Vanguard off the mouth
of the Nile, 3rd. August.

FRENCH LINE OF BATTLE.

1. Le Guerrier, 74 guns, 700 men, taken; 2. le Conquérant, 74 guns, 700 men, taken; 3. le Spartiate, 74 guns, 700 men, taken; 4. l'Aquilon, 74 guns, 700 men, taken; 5. le Souverain Peuple, 74 guns, 700 men, taken; 6. le Franklin, Blanquet, 1st Contre-Amiral, 80 guns, 800 men, taken; 7. l'Orient, Brueys, Admiral and Commander-in-chief, 120 guns, 1010 men, burnt; 8. le Tonnant, 80 guns, 800 men, taken; 9. l'Heureux, 74 guns, 700 men, taken; 10. le Timoléon, 74 guns, 700 men, burnt; 11. le Mercure, 74 guns, 700 men, taken; 12. le Guillaume Tell, Villeneuve, 2nd. Contre-Amiral, 80

guns, 800 men, escaped; 13. le Généreux, 74 guns, 700 men, escaped.

FRIGATES.

14. La Diane, 48 guns, 300 men, escaped; 15. la Justice, 44 guns, 300 men, escaped; 16. l'Artémise, 36 guns, 250 men, burnt; 17. la Sérieuse, 36 guns, 250 men, dismasted and sunk.

HORATIO NELSON.

NAMES OF THE OFFICERS KILLED.

Vanguard, Captain Taddy, marines; Mr. Thomas Seymour, Mr. J. G. Taylor, midshipmen. Alexander, Mr. John Colias, lieutenant. Orion, Mr. Baird, captain's clerk. Goliah, Mr. William Davies, master's mate; Mr. Andrew Brown, midshipman. Majestic, George B. Westcott, captain; Mr. Lebedie Ford, midshipman; Mr. Andrew Gilmore, boatswain. Bellerophon, Mr. R. Savage Daniel, Mr. Ph. W. Launder, Mr. George Joliffe, lieutenants; Mr. Thomas Ellison, master's mate. Minotaur, lieutenant J. S. Kerichner, master; Mr. Peter Walters, master's mate.

HORATIO NELSON.

Having attentively perused this strikingly modest account of so complete a victory, I sought my good captain and comrade whom I found pacing up and down the poop, with his hands behind him in a sort of reverie, I endeavoured to lead him again to talk over the memorable events of the Nile. "Your captain of marines was killed in the Vanguard," said I, turning round with him and joining in his walk.

"Yes, we lost him, poor fellow! Captain Taddy was an excellent officer, we all regretted him. But if you look over the returns of all naval actions," he continued, "you will find the marines suffer in much greater proportion than the rest; here on the poop we are so exposed, and then the colour of the cloth, red, is an attractive mark to shoot at."

"Your pursuit of Napoleon and his expedition," said I, drawing him on, "must have been full of interest."

"It was very exciting," (and away he went breast high), "from the moment we left Lord St. Vincent off Cadiz, till we finally found them in Eboukhor as the Turks call it. To be sure we began but indifferently; for off the Hières we lost our main and mizen top-masts and in two

hours afterwards, the gale increasing, down came the foremast in three pieces, and our bowsprit was badly sprung in several places. We however struggled into St. Pietro, and having there got up some jury masts, we repaired to the rendezvous off Toulon. Here, we ascertained the fact of the sailing of the French expedition, consisting of fifteen sail of the line, twelve frigates and two hundred transports, with above forty thousand troops under the command of Napoleon Bonaparte; and immediately afterwards the Mutine brig arrived with the glad tidings that ten sail of the line were coming to reinforce us; which, with the Orion and Alexander that had joined us at Gibraltar, would make us thirteen sail of the line, a fifty gun ship, and a sloop of war; but what was still more delightful, the Mutine brought Sir Horatio Nelson, a "roving commission," that is, full authority to hunt the enemy through the seas, and take, burn, sink and destroy him any *where* or any *how* that he might be able. We now spread like a rocket to look out for the expected squadron, in doing which we fell in with a whole covey; fifteen sail of richly laden Spanish merchantmen. The Alexander and Orion picked up one each, *er*

passant; we might have taken the whole and lined our pockets, and the Admiral's share would have been enormous. But he was bent on nobler game; he scorned the gold and sought the glory, and the signal was made to pass them by. The whole Roman history does not furnish a more lofty instance of public virtue, than Nelson displayed on this occasion.

" In a few hours afterwards, Captain Troubridge's squadron was in sight from the mast head. We rushed, as if by mutual attraction towards each other, and before evening, were united in one mighty force, that subsequently overthrew the forces of France, near the Red Sea."

" Pray tell me all about it," said I; and he continued:

" As the expedition had sailed from Toulon, with the wind at north west, it was most probable their course would be up the Mediterranean. So after enduring a calm, we took that direction; and after calling off the Island of Elba, and dispatching the Mutine to Civita Vecchia for news, we continued our course along the Tuscan shore, and passed the Island of Gianuti. There we spoke a Moorish vessel, who told us the enemy was at Syracuse, on the morning of the 17th. We

next stood into the beautiful bay of Naples, and sent on shore to our ambassador for information. He could only tell us the French expedition had not appeared there, but he had heard they had been seen running down the coast of Sardinia, and were perhaps gone to Malta. With this scanty information we again set sail; but light and baffling winds checked our progress, and we did not get through the famous Straits of Messina till the 20th. From our Consul at Messina, we were informed that Napoleon had taken Malta and Goza, and that the expedition was lying at anchor off Goza. We therefore bent our way to Malta; but on the 22nd, we spoke a Genoese, who assured us, "the French had left Malta four days before." As the wind had been blowing, the Admiral thought Alexandria was their destination, and to Alexandria we shaped our course under a heavy press of sail. During the ensuing seven days we only spoke three vessels, two of them from Alexandria, but no strange fleet had been seen or heard of. On the 28th, we came in sight of the city of Alexandria, when we found an empty harbour, save a Turkish ship of the line, and four frigates. When we got off Pharos, Captain Hardy of the

Mutine, (afterwards Nelson's Hardy,) landed after a long parley; but he was received by the guard and conducted to the governor. The governor received him civilly, but expressed his uneasiness at seeing so large a British force; and on being told we were in pursuit of a much larger French one, he became still more alarmed, and declared that neither party should be permitted to land, or obtain a footing on his territory. We were now at a stand still, and the Admiral determined to try back; so we took a more northerly course, and a fresh breeze at N. N.W. we carried a press of sail till the 4th, when we made the coast of Natolia. The next day the squadron was scattered, and on the 6th, the Orion was missing. We wore in consequence, and she joined us in the evening; we now kept working to windward till the 16th, when we took advantage of a change of wind and steered for Syracuse, into which harbour, although no one in the fleet had ever been there before, we all safely entered and anchored on the evening of the 19th. There we got supplies of fresh beef, vegetables, water, and what was still more welcome, intelligence of the enemy. But, though there was some discrepancy in the accounts, we thought,

on duly considering the statements, apart and altogether, or I should rather say the Admiral thought, that *Egypt* was after all the destination of the enemy; but to confirm himself in this opinion he called off the Morea, and sent the Culloden to Coron; there we learnt that the French fleet had been seen about four weeks before on the Candian coast steering S.E. South east, with a fresh breeze and fresh hopes, was now our course; and with a flowing sheet, and a following sea, we, on the 1st of August, again made the towers of Alexandria, and the ports which we had so lately left empty, were now found to contain a forest of masts. But our look out ships, the Alexander and Swiftsure, presently made a signal that damped our ardour. "The vessels *are transports*, with six ships of war armed *en flute*." Our disappointment however was of short duration; for the Zealous soon after noon, the Pharos towers bearing S.S.W. signaled that "sixteen ships of the line lay at anchor in a bay on her larboard bow." Thus, at last, we reached the object of our long pursuit."

Here, during a momentary pause in my friend's narrative, I observed: "It is very

characteristic of Lord Nelson, that in his public letter, he does not even mention the misfortune that befel the Culloden. Indeed, although from her getting ashore, he was entirely deprived of her assistance, he has still in his returns continued her, the first ship, in his line of battle."

"Not only so," rejoined Captain Noble, "but as if to console his friend for his mortification and disappointment, he thus expresses himself of the captain of the Culloden, in his letter to the Commander-in-chief, Lord St. Vincent:— 'The eminent services of our friend deserve the highest rewards. I have experienced the activity and ability of his mind and body. It was Troubridge who equipped the squadron so soon at Syracuse; it was Troubridge who exerted himself for me after the action; it was Troubridge who saved the Culloden, when none that I know in the service, would have attempted it; it is Troubridge whom I have left as myself at Naples. He is, as a friend and an officer, a nonpareil!'"

"All that is very well," I observed, "and as it should be. Sir Horatio got a peerage and three thousand pounds a-year for himself and his successor; gold medals were given to all the cap-

tains engaged, as well as to Troubridge, who was not engaged; and all the first lieutenants were made commanders, including the first lieutenant of the Culloden, who was not in the action. But what was done for the marines? Their reward will come *hereafter*, I presume. What did the marines ever obtain, even for the battle of the Nile?

"Echo answers, NIHIL!

"Proh pudor! Boards of admiralty."

CHAPTER XIV.

1805—Increase of Royal Marines, creation of Royal Marine Artillery—The Brest fleet—Action off Cape Finisterre between Admirals Villeneuve and Calder—Arrival of Lord Nelson—He proceeds to England—Victory in Camaret Bay—Lieut. Meerhay's first action.

Of all the years in the naval history of Great Britain, the year 1805 was the fullest in vast preparations, and in glorious events. In the course of it, ninety sail of men-of-war had been launched, a fourth division of royal marines established at Woolwich, and the corps of royal marine artillery was created by an order in council; making the royal marine forces altogether amount to thirty-one thousand. From the very origin of the marine artillery, I have regarded them with peculiar interest and affection, and have been ashamed of that disregard for engagements with which they have been,

from time to time, treated by the executive. George the Third, by his order in council, as I have already stated, constituted the corps of marine artillery. The officers and men were alike selected from the parent corps of royal marines; and to encourage them to submit to the course of education, as well as the expense necessary to qualify them for this scientific department of service, certain advantages were held out to them, in fact, given for some time, but were then dishonestly withdrawn. But even this blight did not prevent them from becoming one of the most beautiful and efficient corps I have ever seen; equal to the guards in splendour of appearance, and to the royal regiment of artillery in every branch of duty; and superior to any body of men, I have ever met with in the service of any other country.

The declaration of war against us by Spain, at this time, facilitated Napoleon's plans for his descent on England. By treaties and arrangements with that power, he nearly doubled his force of ships, and brought himself, as to *numbers*, nearly on an equality with ourselves. But in the course of the year (1805) we gave him a lesson in subtraction During the

spring, we had been under Lord Gardner's command; for Billy Blue, having over-worked and over-watched himself, during a two years' fag on board, was advised by the doctors to take a run on shore.

While his Lordship was with us, indications of a move were given by the Brest fleet. On the 15th of April, their van division got under weigh, and stood out in sight of the Black Rocks, and were presently after joined by their main body, amounting to forty sail, including twenty-one sail of the line; with 20,000 troops, and six months' provisions on board. But all attempts to entice them further out, were vain. They manœuvred a few hours between Bertheaume and Camaret Bays, and slunk back into the deeper recesses of their cover again. There is a concurring testimony, however, both with French and English writers, that this was no sham, but a real move for sea, if they could but have escaped the vigilance of our in-shore squadron. It seems the Toulon fleet *had sailed*, and the Emperor wished that a junction should be effected, and that the West Indies should be ravaged. The united fleets were then to return

home; to be joined by the Rochfort and Ferrol squadrons, making altogether a force of about fifty-six sail of the line; and with this formidable force, we, and all other British men-of-war, were to be swept from the Channel, and the whole French Armada was to descend upon our shores.

We, however, stuck close to Brest, and Admiral Gantheaume and his fleet could not stir out. To keep us at bay, however, and as far out as possible, works were thrown up, and batteries erected all along the coast. According to a French writer, in the course of a few weeks, two hundred pieces of cannon were mounted in Camaret Bay. This enabled the French Admiral to occupy and exercise his ships in the outer anchorage; it also facilitated his dutting slily out to sea, and rendered his junction with Admiral Villeneuve, (on *his return* with the Toulon fleet, and which he had received subsequent orders to *wait* for,) more practicable.

On the 6th of July, we received accounts of the Toulon fleet, at Martinique, and on the same day, our old and welcome Admiral, Cornwallis, arrived like a giant refreshed, on board the Ville

de Paris, from England, and resumed the command of the fleet. Lord Gardner returned home, and left us only eighteen sail of the line, to wait all squalls; but such was the confidence of the Channel fleet in themselves, and in "Billy Blue," that: "Let us see them, and we shall beat them," was the general impression.

On the 11th, the Commander-in-chief received despatches from the Admiralty, and orders were immediately sent for Admiral Sterling to quit his station off Rochfort, and, with the five sail of the line under his orders, join the squadron under Admiral Calder, off Ferrol. It since turns out, that on the 20th, Admiral Gantheaume received orders to put to sea from Brest, to unite with the Rochfort squadron off the Lizard, and then to effect a junction with Admiral Villeneuve, from the West Indies.

On the 29th, the news of the action between Villeneuve and Calder reached us; and on the 14th of August, Admiral Calder himself joined our fleet, with eight sail of the line. The news of a battle had filled us with envy, as well as

with curiosity. Every glass on board was laid under contribution, and levelled at Sir Robert Calder and his squadron. The Windsor Castle seemed to have suffered most ; but his ships bore generally few traces of rough work ; and our expectations were already clouded by disappointment. But as the merits or demerits of this encounter have been so thoroughly discussed, and even made the subject of the sentence of a court martial, I shall briefly mention the leading features attending it. The English Admiral had fifteen sail of the line, two frigates, a lugger, and a cutter, when, on the 22nd of July, 1805, he fell in with the enemy's combined fleet, amounting to twenty sail of the line, seven frigates, two brigs, and a rich galleon, which was taken in tow by the Syrene. The hostile fleets formed their respective lines of battle, being about seven miles asunder; but from the thickness of the weather, they could only partially see each other. At this time, the Sirius, English frigate, made a dash to pick up the galleon by boarding, but was foiled by a judicious movement of the Argonauta of seventy-four guns, the enemy's van ship, which bore up and saved the prize, and with

the forbearance of a noble enemy, passed the frigate Sirius without firing into her. This conduct, so creditable to Admiral Gravina, was imitated by the Terrible and America, also ships of the line. About 5, P. M., the action commenced, and it soon became fierce and general; but, from the thickness of the fog and smoke, no order could be preserved, and the fighting was very unequal. The result, however was, that soon after eight o'clock, the Fourmi, having lost her main and mizen masts, and the San Rafael, being totally dismasted, struck their colours. At half-past eight, our fleet being in great confusion, Admiral Calder made the night signal to discontinue the action. Our loss was thirty-nine officers and men killed, and one hundred and fifty-nine wounded, while the loss on board the two prizes was estimated at six hundred men, and on board the whole combined squadrons, at 1374 killed and wounded.

It is unquestionable, that the enemy were more numerous and much stronger than the English in this encounter. It is also clear, that we captured two of their twenty ships with our fifteen. Moreover, they had seven to our two frigates.

Admiral Calder's character for courage was above suspicion. He had been captain of the fleet in the memorable battle of St. Vincent. Still, it was but a sorry story, and certainly, Rodney, Hood, or Exmouth *would*,—nay, what other British Admiral *would not?*—have won a peerage, had they had the playing such a game. All argument, or patching, or reasoning about "Calder's calculations" of sailings or junctions from other ports, was vain. He might do very well for a second in command—he was a *preux chevalier, sans peur*, if you please, but certainly not *sans reproche*. I am well acquainted with the Baron Charles Dupin, brother to the late President of the Chamber of Deputies, who in his *Voyage dans la Grande Bretagne*, compares the conduct of Villeneuve and Calder, to the great advantage of the latter. But he felt and argued under the supposition that a French and Spanish line of battle ship is almost equal to an English one. But we know better; and so did the court martial, which severely reprimanded the British Admiral for not renewing the action. Still I have always been glad that Calder escaped the fate of Admiral Byng, who was shot

on board the Monarch, in Portsmouth Harbour, during the ides of March, 1757, pursuant to his sentence, for an error of judgment in an engagement with the French fleet off Minorca, May 20, 1756. Such a sentence, no man in his senses, could approve.

The day after Admiral Calder joined us, a very different personage arrived from his long western chase after the Toulon fleet: it was Nelson of the Nile, with eleven sail of the line. How did his mighty name ring in the British fleet! Every soul on board rushed on deck to see his flag as it floated on board the Victory. If the eagles on the tent of Napoleon had a magical effect upon the soldiers of France, Nelson's name gave him almost super-human power. It seemed as if, like the fabled god, he wielded the trident of the seas. He did not, however, remain with us, but having communicated with Admiral Cornwallis, proceeded the same evening to England, with the Superb and Belle Isle; leaving eight line of battle ships with us; which made our force altogether amount to thirty-four sail of the line.

I had never seen so many large ships acting together before. A sharp look out was kept,

but no sign of an enemy could be seen. Napoleon was moving his squadrons, as he might have done his pawns on a chess-board, by telegraph; but he could not make them fight by telegraph; and all his combinations failed. On the 17th, intelligence was brought to the Admiral that the enemy's fleet, amounting to twenty sail of the line, had been seen off Ferrol; and Sir R. Calder was detached to that station. The next day, the Captain, of seventy-four guns, joined us from England, making our force seventeen sail, with which we continued the blockade of our old friends in the harbour of Brest.

The French Emperor did not consider the action off Cape Finisterre, between Villeneuve and Sir Robert Calder, of sufficient consequence to make him abandon his plans. Directions were therefore sent to the Brest fleet to put to sea; and on the evening of the 20th, they began to move; and the next morning, the whole of the ships, consisting of twenty-one sail of the line, four frigates, a corvette, and two brigs, under Admiral Gantheaume, in the newly named ship, the Impérial, left the gouilet, and by ten o'clock anchored in Camaret Bay.

These movements were seen by our in-shore frigates ; and by twelve o'clock, (only two hours afterwards,) the Aigle informed us by signal: "The enemy's fleet were under weigh." Great was the joy amongst us ! When the news reached us we were lying about three leagues off Ushant, with one frigate, a cutter, and a schooner, besides the before-named seventeen sail of the line. We immediately hauled our wind on the larboard tack, and passed the west end of the Island of Ushant, about three miles. At half-past three, we made Point Saint Matthieu, and saw, (and a goodly sight it was,) the enemy's whole fleet, some under weigh, and some at anchor. Our fleet, following the motions of "Billy Blue,"—who never shewed bunting if he could help it,—shortened sail, and hove to. The Ville de Paris then hoisted the signal: "The fleet will disregard the motions of the Admiral," and immediately made sail alone towards the enemy, who, as soon as she was within range, opened their mortar batteries. In reply to this, the Admiral shortened sail, and reconnoitred most closely and coolly. He then wore, and joined the body of our fleet, the whole of which soon after came to an anchor near the

Black Rocks. Just at dusk, and while we were all wondering what the Commander-in-chief would do in the morning, the cutter's boat came along side with the following pithy general order: " The Admiral means to attack the enemy's fleet at day-break ; the captains of his Majesty's ships will therefore take the most efficient means for attacking and bringing them out. The Admiral will lead in the Ville de Paris."

As soon as the captain had read the note, down to the ward-room he hastened. " The captain's coming, gentlemen," announced the steward. The sentry threw open the door, and blithe as a panther, in bounded our gallant chief. " Music to-morrow ! my boys !" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands ; " clear away for action, and one glass to our success to-morrow. Come, young soldier," looking at me, " this will be your first action. I see by the light of your eye all's right, and to-morrow you will be able to say: I too have smelt powder."

He drank his glass to " Victory !" shook hands with us all round, shouted: " Music, to-morrow, my boys !" and went on deck.

All was now bustle and preparation; every vestige of ward-room or cabins was swept away; carpenters and mates were knocking down and clearing; the gunner was sending powder from the magazine; the boatswain in his store arranging his gear, and the master examining the chart of Camaret Bay on the rudder head. The lieutenants of the ship were mustering their men and their different quarters, while the marines were paraded, and their pouches filled with cartridges on the poop and quarter-deck. All was now reported ready for action. Fore and aft, from stem to stern, all was clear; the three decks presented their magnificent and mighty batteries; the men stood at their quarters; all was silence, you might have almost heard a pin drop.

The captain, with the first lieutenant, went over every part of the ship, minutely inspected, and saw all was ready for action. "Now pipe down the hammocks, and let every body (except half the watch,) get some rest," said the captain; "we shall be fresher and better for it in the morning." And, in a few minutes, all but the watch were in bed, or asleep. Nothing was to be heard but the tread of the sentinels on the

gangways, or the footstep of the lieutenant of the watch, as he paced up and down the deck.

For my part, I laid myself down pensively on my cot. "Now the time is come," thought I, "when I shall know what I am made of. At day-light this great ship, armed to the teeth, will float along side another of equal magnitude, and as their guns, muzzle to muzzle, touch each other, their mitraille will be discharged, and then, what havoc! It will require some nerve to meet the first broadside." Then my thoughts wandered homeward and to those so dear to me, whom I might never see again. I soon found this side of the picture would not do; so I turned me round, and thought of my sweet Mary at Ivy Bridge. Then the electrifying words of Juba came to my recollection:—

"Then will I think on thee, oh beauteous maid;
Then will I think on thee; and, midst the
Shock of charging hosts remember
What glorious deeds should grace
The man who hopes for Marcia's love."

Then I thought again of my father, and a favourite motto of his: 'In Deo spero.' I felt

within me a sort of mingled feeling of religion and romance, of enthusiasm and piety; I breathed a vow to my mistress and a prayer to heaven; turned tranquilly on my pillow, and fell fast asleep.

Soon after four o'clock in the morning, the serjeant major came to my cot, and said: "Sir, the hammocks are piped up, and the drummer is ordered to beat to quarters."

I was on the deck in an instant, and my cot as quickly vanished. The drum beat to arms; the band played Rule Britannia; and I "felt up to any thing."

As day dawned, just as there were some tulip streaks in the east, the fleet weighed and stood in for Camaret Bay. The Ville de Paris leading, followed by the Cæsar, Sir Richard Strachan, and the Montague, Captain Otway. Soon after six, the fleet tacked in succession, to clear the Porquelle Rock. As the haze passed away, we saw the French fleet at anchor; but about eight they hoisted their top sails, and were evidently getting under weigh.

"Ah! ah!" said our captain; "I fear they won't stand the attack then."

At nine, the Indefatigable, Captain Rodd,

approached so near to the Alexandre, Rear Admiral Villaumez, who was by this time leading out the French fleet in line of battle, that she fired her broadside, which was immediately returned by the frigate. We now all crowded sail towards the enemy's fleet, and the Cæsar and Montague, finding they could pass the Ville de Paris, simultaneously asked by signal "for permission to lead;" which the Admiral answered in the affirmative to both ships at once. The gallant competitors immediately hauled out of the line, set every stitch of canvass, and endeavoured to cut off and bring the rear of the enemy to action, for he had already tacked, and was running away into harbour. Meanwhile, the whole line of batteries had opened their fire upon the British fleet, which continued its course, our leading ships keeping up a running fight, till we were within a mile of Point Bertheaume, when the whole fleet wore by signal, shortened sail, and stood leisurely out, in order of battle. Thus have I seen the gallant greyhound stop, look, and come sullenly away, when the object of his hot pursuit has escaped his utmost efforts, and reached its cover in safety.

Almost all the damage our ships received was from the new batteries, which proved how well they answered the purpose for which they had been expressly constructed. A thirteen inch shell fell into our wake, as we were in the act of wearing. A few seconds before, it would have fallen on the poop, and gone down through us. Another split on the spare anchor of the Ville de Paris; and a piece of nearly two pounds weight gave the Admiral a blow on the breast; but it was quite spent, and did him no harm. Another piece wounded a midshipman. No other person was touched on board; but the ship suffered considerably in her masts and sails. The loss on our side was trifling. Of the enemy, (who was snug at anchor under their batteries, by two P. M.,) the Alexandre, the immediate opponent of the Cæsar, suffered most.

This brush was, to me, what a first day's cub hunting is to a young fox-hound. I was fairly entered; felt what it was to be engaged; and imbibed a relish for the enchanting excitement of battle—a love, a thirst for fame, that could only be quenched with life:—for, to this hour, after more than twenty years' peace, the sound of the trumpet, the tramp of troops, and even the ex-

terior " pomp and circumstances of glorious war," fire my soul, and I erect my crest, like the old hunter at the plough, as he hears the cry of the passing pack, and paws to join the chace.

I have often since speculated upon what might have been the result, if the whole fleet had gone immediately into action, on the evening of the 22nd, instead of the Admiral's going to reconnoitre, and then anchoring and deferring the attack till the next morning. Nelson did the former at the Nile ; and if he had *not* done so, he would not have found the French fleet at anchor at day-break. But such a man as Nelson, appears but once in a generation. The French, individually, as well as nationally, do things more by impulse than we do ; and if we had gone straight up to him in Camaret Bay, I have a notion Gantheaume would have held on by his anchors, and received us.

CHAPTER XV.

Exchange ships—Return home—Family scenes—A day with the hounds—Country Amusements—Again leave home—Portsmouth Jews—The beautiful Jewess—Pay-day on board a man-of-war.

HAVING shortly after this time, with a view to my future prospects in the service, exchanged from the Princess Royal to another ship, I bade a cordial adieu to my esteemed captain and messmates; was ordered by the Commander-in-chief to be borne as supernumerary on board the cutter, going with his despatches to England; and after a quick passage, landed at Portsmouth, within three hours' gallop of home, to visit which I soon obtained a short furlough.

The happy day arrived; I was now going home, after my first step in the world.

I was returning to the bosom of my family, as the young bird returns panting to its nest, after having, for the first time, sought its own food upon the wing; and like the bird from the ark too, I had gathered, I thought, a *little leaf* upon my excursion; and if it was laurel instead of olive, so much the better! When I mounted my steed at the barracks, and cleared Portsdown Hill, and sunk into the wooded vale of Southwick, how elated did I feel! what indescribable emotions filled my heart! I pushed on seventeen miles; then drew bit at Bishops Waltham, to seek rest and refreshment for my nag and myself; and as the sign which swung on the crazy post, announced that there was "good entertainment for man and horse," I installed my pony in the stable with good provender, and myself in the well-sanded parlour, with good cheer,—oats for him and the barleycorn for me;—for Bishops Waltham was famous for its malt and its products;—so much so that I have some doubt whether its name, of Bishops *Walt*am, was anything more than a corruption, as the grammarians call it, of Bishops *Malt*'em. Be this as it may, I was now only nine miles from my dear family; and as they

did not know I was coming, I should pounce upon them by surprise. I grew impatient, and then the mutton chops were discussed, and the malt tested. I could wait no longer than was necessary for my horse to feed; and in half an hour I was again under weigh, and cracking on for Itchin. Every house, every tree, seemed familiar to me, and I became more and more excited as I galloped along. But fast as I approached my home, my imagination went faster, and I already fancied myself there; I saw my mother rushing out to meet me; I heard my brothers and sisters scream for joy; I felt the pressure, *the last pressure* of my father's hand return upon my palm. Trusty and Lion too, would be so glad to see me—glad as the dog of Ulysses!

I spurred my horse; he sprang to the pressure of my heel, and bounded like a deer across the down to Cheriton. At Cheriton I was only three miles from our door. I passed its hospitable vicarage at Score; thence on to Tichborne. Lovely Tichborne! I hail and honour thy ancient name and master. Here, every face was that of an acquaintance, if not a friend. Some I thought looked older, and the girls were cer-

tainly much handsomer. Along I went, smiling and saluting, but stopping for no one.

" Yes ! *'tis he ! 'tis he !*" (every thing is *he* with the hinds of Hampshire, except the Tom cat, whom they call *she !*) " 'Tis he ! 'tis he !" they cried, as I galloped them by, " 'tis he ! 'tis the captain from sea." " Ods boddikens !" cries one, " By the living jingo !" says another; " 'tis he ! 'tis the captain from sea !"

They waved their hats and cheered. I waved my hand, and wiped my eyes ; and felt as if my heart were getting too big for its place. Now opened full before me the happy home of my childhood. The whole group were on the green before the house-door. I threw myself from my horse—rushed through the gate—and amidst the tenderest caresses, was welcomed to the house of my father.

There are many things that you can only do or feel most exquisitely once, they say. That you can only *love* once, I deny: but I must acknowledge that what I *then* felt, I never experienced in the same degree afterwards.

While we were at tea upon the lawn in the evening, the steeple bells struck up a merry peal. " What can that be for ?" was the natural in-

quiry. Nobody could tell, and the servant was sent to ask. He came running back, and said: "It was in honour of the captain's return, after fighting the French."

My poor father gave a loud "hem!" and with a sort of irresistible impulse, put his hand in his right hand breeches pocket. My mother drew up, smiled and kissed me; and I felt a tear, as large and as precious as a pearl, fall upon my cheek. It is only justice to the ringers to add, that the money sent them by my father was respectfully refused. "It was their own tribute," they said, "and they would not be paid for it."

"I take it very kind of them," said my father, and "the deuce is in it, if they shan't take it *in kind* from me." (Bless him! he delighted in a proverb or a pun.) So he drew off, and sent a gallon of strong beer to each ringer.

I must not omit to mention that when we assembled, according to custom in family prayer that evening, my father offered up a thanksgiving for my safe return; and if, as we are taught to believe, the incense of grateful hearts is acceptable to God, surely the outpourings of my beloved family, upon that remarkable occasion, were well received.

During my stay at home, our rich neighbours, or the nobility and gentry as they are locally designated, called to see me or left their cards, to give me their countenance and approval, and we were all flattered by such marks of consideration and attention. But one person, in whose eyes my truant and rather vagabond love, would have liked to have found favour again, was no longer there; Charlotte Wentworth was married, and gone away. But I was too young to be very sorry about that or any thing else; so I declared there were as good fish in the sea as ever were caught; thought of Mary at Ivy Bridge and determined to have a day with the hounds. We were in the centre of the H.H. or Hampshire hunt, formerly a subscription pack of fox hounds, but now kept at the sole expense of Mr. Villebois or Vile boy, as he was facetiously called; but it was a *mauvaise plaisanterie*, for he was a true gentleman and capital sportsman. A few years before the Prince of Wales rented the Grange, and used to join in the chace, with the Rodneys, Ridges, Norths, Graemes, and other goodly and godly names, who have figured in the annals and annuals before and since. I used at that time to rate the H.H. a very first water con-

cern, and Hampshire as an out and out hunting county, but I have since learnt, from experience, and experienced Nimrods, that the country is flinty, the scent cold, and the covers too near together; in short, as I once heard mad Budges say, (who rode down the Devil's dyke at Brighton, with a six pence between his knee and his saddle, for a bet of half-a-crown,) "upon a good pony that can jump a hurdle, you may do as well as the best mounted amongst them." However, I was bent upon having a day; so I hired Tom Baker's one eyed roan mare, three parts bred, *not* warranted, but a famous fencer. We found in Sutton scrubs, the moment Merryman challenged, "hark to him there," cried Villebois, "that's better than gold." The old hound was right; the whole pack were instantly on the scent, Reynard broke boldly, crossed the country like a swallow, tried his earth, which was stopped, skirted hampage corner, and was run into, and killed in the open.

"Go it, ye cripples!" screamed Wilkinson of Popham lane; "beat that, Meltonians, if you can."

Amongst the numerous field of sportsmen, was a Portuguese Count, named Nunez. He

was a good natured droll fellow, and being as rich as a Jew, entertained liberally; this did not however prevent his being pretty well roasted sometimes at his own table. One day after dinner while the claret was circulating freely, the Hon. Robert Rigby was quizzing him without mercy, when the Jew turned suddenly round exclaiming, "Eh, Mr. Bob, what you say? have you learn say *Amen* yet, eh Captain Bob!"

The sailor was silent, and let the son of Judah alone the rest of the evening; and we learned afterwards that Nunez had caught him wooing the parish *Clerk's* daughter.

I must not neglect here to mention the hunt race, and the race ball, both very important, serious, and sentimental affairs. The gentlemen farmers rode the one, and the ladies and gentlemen figured at the other. A silver cup, to be run for by horses bonâ fide the property of yeomen of the county, to have been hunted with the H. H. and rode by the owners; and a ball at which neither trade nor profession but only pure aristocracy, with a slight tinge of pink or blue from the Army or Navy could be admitted; these were no common occurrences, and as luck would

have it, I was present at both. Oh for the ball! the "exclusive" ball, held in the market town at the sign of the White Swan, which White Swan, if it had had but a tailor painted on its back, would have made a goodly goose! what airs and what graces were then displayed! what country dancing, fitly so called! what tea and coffee at ten! what chickens and tongue, and sherry in pint decanters at one! what peers, and baronets, and esquires for stewards! not to mention the sandwiches and tartines, the macaroons and cheese cakes, and all the rest that could possibly be squeezed into a bill of fare at 3*s.* 6*d.* a head. The race,—I will not attempt to describe the race, because it was like all races, dull for an hour and mad for a minute, like coursing in a country where hares, are few. But the Catch and Glee Club afterwards held at the George, the second inn which stands in the Broad Street of the aforesaid market town, is worth mentioning. Such treble, tenor and bass warbling,

"How great is the pleasure, how sweet the delight,
When love and soft music together unite."

or—

Listen, listen, listen,
To the waterfall——"

After which glees and catches, with what "glee" did they not "catch" at the bread and cheese and water cresses, and the long clay pipes which filled the long room with smoke; to which was added welch rabbits, bottles of brandy, nutmegged negus, and a song from wooden-legged White.

I shall spare my readers the description of again parting from my family. The anguish was however considerably softened by the company of my next brother.

On our arrival at Portsmouth we went to our respective duties; mine took me to join the detachment of my corps, embarked in the Victory.

Amongst other peculiarities of our sea ports, they are remarkable for the hordes of Jews who congregate within their walls. At Portsmouth, particularly, there is a large tribe of the race of Abraham, whom the sailors describe, in most instances not unaptly, as "land sharks." "They follow in one's wake ashore," Jack declares, "just as the sea shark follows the wake of a ship, to look out for squalls; and all is good that tumbles into their jaws." It is consoling, it is gratifying, however, to observe that the persecutions and proscriptions of enlightened countries

are gradually subsiding, as regards this once favoured but now unhappy people. The tale of Ivanhoe worked wonders for them in the United Kingdom. The interference of the legislature to remove the disabilities of the Jews, is another great step ; and the time seems drawing nigh when it shall come to pass, (as it is written " that we shall all be gathered into one fold." Perhaps in no form does female beauty appear more bewitching than amongst the daughters of the race of Abraham ; and the walls of Portsmouth were never more beautifully adorned than when, on their sabbath, the fair Jewesses came to listen to our band on parade.

I remember one real Rebecca that was, if possible, more lovely than the imaginary beauty of Ivanhoe ; she drove me absolutely frantic ; what would I not have given to have plucked that beauteous rose of Sharon, and carried it in my bosom. But alas ! it was not to be. Still, it was a luxury to see her, to hear her, to walk with her, and when she talked of the religion of her fathers, I whispered :

" Go stand at Heaven's gate awhile,
And you so like an angel smile,
They'll surely let you in."

She once handed me a letter from her father. What could it be about? I thought and guessed at every thing but the right. "Read it when you go home," said she, "you will do what we ask?" and then she looked up beseechingly, with those dark, dark eyes, forcing their beams, through the deep fringed silken lashes, and the high arched pencilled eye brow, pencilled by nature with a power and expression which no art can reach. "Yes, certainly," I said. And what was it about after all? why, the ship was about to be paid, and the Jew wanted a preference for his boat! "Deuce take the old usurer!" said I, throwing away the letter; but the spirit of Rebecca presently came to the rescue, and the Jew's petition was preferred, and his boat was amongst the first, permitted to come alongside the Victory the morning she was paid.

It would be difficult to describe the scene on board a man of war on pay day. If ever the rules of the strictest discipline are relaxed on board, it is upon this occasion. It is the only holiday, except a battle, in the monotonous life of a sailor. The crowds of his creditors, the Jews, who have from time to time lent him small

sums of money, come howling round the ship and crave to be let on board. One holds up a letter of recommendation, another hints at a bribe, a third asks "in the name of Got." Fear of losing their money makes them bold, and a cold shot is sometimes thrown into a boat, and she is almost swamped, before they will obey orders, and "lay off." The bomb-boat women who have claims for supplies of various kinds, such as bladders of gin smuggled on board under their petticoats; and then the temporary wives, who come off all in ribbons and furbelows, (with their streamers aloft as Jack calls it,) to be paid for past, or induced to further favours; and then the general leave, (a favourite general in both services,) that is given to all hands to go on shore and get rid of their money as fast as possible, for while Jack has it he must buy drink;—all this gives a ship on pay day, the appearance of Donny Brook fair, or a borough election afloat.

CHAPTER XVI.

Lord Nelson—Rejoins the fleet—Cadiz—Lady Hamilton—Nelson's reception at Naples—Admiral Villeneuve—Preparations for Battle—Enumeration of the rival fleets—Nelson's singular legacies to his King and country—The Battle of Trafalgar—Death of Nelson—Promotions—Neglect of the Marines.

On the 14th of September Lord Nelson arrived at Portsmouth from his seat at Merton, and his flag was immediately hoisted on board the Victory. On the 15th we sailed, in company with the Euryalus from Spithead. We were joined by the Ajax and Thunderer of Plymouth, and reached Cadiz on the 29th, Nelson's birthday; the hero having on that day attained his 47th year. It so happened that, on that very day also, Admiral Villeneuve received positive orders, by a cabinet courier, to put to sea.

Nelson's reception and welcome, both at

Portsmouth and from the fleet whose destinies he was again appointed to wield, were enthusiastic in the extreme. Fame preceded him, honour attended him, and blessings followed him. There was however an unusual degree of stillness on his assuming the command; for the Euryalus, had been sent on to announce his coming, and give orders for dispensing with the usual salute; as his Lordship did not wish the enemy to suspect there was any reinforcement to the fleet. The name of Nelson, however, flew on the wings of the wind, and Admiral Villeneuve on hearing he had arrived, called a council of war, which decided, "that it would not be expedient to put to sea, unless the combined fleets exceeded the British force by one third."

Admiral Nelson, so formidable to the enemies of England, was a little man. His person had never been handsome, but his countenance was full of intellect and fire. The casket was shattered, one arm and an eye were gone; but it contained a jewel above all price, and for which he was beloved by his country, and courted and adored by one of the most gifted and beautiful women, that any age or country has produced. Emma Hamilton, "my brave Emma" as he

fondly used to call her, was singularly talented and attractive; a sybil of eastern beauty. Her fine eyes and splendid person, her impassioned mien and manner, would have fired an anchorite. But the only mistress Nelson really wooed was Fame; in Dalilah's lap this Sampson did not sleep. In fact, there has been much lamentation as well as accusation, thrown away upon this subject. Lady Hamilton's *liaison*, if *liaison* it must be called with the hero of the Nile, was of the platonic description, and his amiable wife made a great mistake, when she proposed and insisted upon an alternative, to which such a man as Lord Nelson was not likely to submit. The surpassing beauty, power, and position of the ambassadress at Naples, had flattered his vanity and furthered his ambition; her ascendancy at court had procured supplies for his fleet at Syracuse; she supported and adorned his triumphal car; and to separate from her was impossible. Moreover, she worshipped him in a wild spirit as something more than mortal; she raised the syren cup to his lips, and he drank deeply; his infatuation was complete, and her influence unbounded. But it is to the lasting honour of this lady that she never

exercised that influence, (except in one instance,) but for his glory and the welfare of his country. It was Lady Hamilton who proposed to him, when he was in a moody fit, to offer his services, after Admiral Calder's failure. "Nelson," said she, while they were walking together in the garden at Merton, "offer your services, they will be gladly accepted, and you will gain another glorious victory."

"My brave Emma! my heroic Emma!" he replied, tears, such tears! coming to his eyes.

The sequel is before us. By the way, in one of the memoirs that I have seen of the life of Nelson, it is stated that "on his arrival at Portsmouth, after his long chace, he at length found news of the combined fleet." But, as I have before mentioned, Sir R. Calder had joined the Channel fleet after his action with Admiral Villeneuve the day before, and was with it when Lord Nelson joined also, and left his squadron with Admiral Cornwallis on the 15th of August, and who, of course, told him Admiral Calder's own story.

Lord Nelson always thought his services had not been adequately rewarded by ministers. His anxiety and interest for those who served

with him, was a conspicuous feature in his character and strongly contrasts with that of another successful commander, whose overbearing pride, selfishness and want of memory has become proverbial. Of all the honours which attended Nelson, there was nothing which seemed to have made a more grateful and lasting impression upon his mind and heart, than his reception at Naples, on his arrival there from the Nile. Imagine the Vanguard on the 22nd of September sailing like a swan into the bay of Naples, with his flag just lifting on the breeze; the sea without a wave, the sky without a cloud, and the atmosphere so soft and pure that it was a luxury to breathe.

The whole people of the city went afloat to meet him; the beauteous Emma Hamilton at their head. Cleopatra on the Cydnus, in her golden barge with silken sails, did not rival her; and as her gorgeous gondola reached the ship, she flew up the side like a dove and settled on his bosom. The King and Queen arrived on board soon after, took Nelson by the hand and called him their *deliverer!* Meanwhile, thousands of boats surrounded the Vanguard, and the great multitude made the Heavens ring with their cheers.

In the yachts, gondolas, and boats of every description which came crowding from the shore, musicians, dancers, and the most lovely women of Italy, all mingled indiscriminately together like flowers in a bouquet; either striking the light guitar, or springing the castanet, and dancing on the decks of their vessels. Then the rich, varied bright colored costumes of Naples glittering in the sun; what a brilliant scene did it all present! "Honour to the hero!" proclaimed the King; "honour to Nelson!" repeated Emma and the Queen. And all the people joined in song, music, and improvisation; punchinello, maccaroni, lazzaroni, all join with one accord in one acclamation, "honour to Nelson of the Nile!"

When he landed, new greetings awaited him, and in the excess of their joy the lazzaroni let loose the birds from their cages to exemplify the liberty he had brought them.

The Emperor of the French does not seem to have estimated Admiral Villeneuve as he deserved. Napoleon judged of a French fleet by a French army, though it had very different weapons to wield, and was composed of different materials; and as *he* had performed wonders with

the one, he could or *would* see no reason, why an able and enterprising commander, should not be comparatively invincible with the other. An error of the same kind, though opposite in its application, sometimes affected the usually generous mind of Nelson; he had experienced what miracles could be wrought with the British navy, but he thought slightingly of the army. "Their commanders have no enthusiasm or enterprize," he said, "they will do their duty, and no more." He was also exceedingly jealous of the naval prerogative, and was angry with some officers of the artillery, who objected to their men, who were embarked in bomb vessels, being worked or flogged at the caprice of the sea officers, without inquiry or court martial; although in his heart, and what is better in his practice, he abhorred the infliction of this odious punishment. How limited is the view of the wisest! little did the naval idol then suppose that in a few short years, there would be a sort of revulsion in public opinion, in favour of the army, and that it would be sung, that

> "The Prince was all for the land service,
> Forgetting Duncan, Nelson, Howe and Jervis."

What Nelson's spirit felt, as it hovered over the plains of the Peninsula, it would be impossible to divine; but this we may suppose, that it shed its influence over Wellington and his army who brought the military glory of the United Kingdom to as dazzling a degree of splendour as that of Trafalgar.

Upon the details of the latter great achievement, I am now about to enter.

The Commander-in-chief of the united fleet at Cadiz, Admiral Villeneuve, received orders to proceed immediately to Naples, and disembark the troops he was to take on board on the coast to reinforce the army under General Saint Cyr. He was then to capture the English line of battle ship, the Excellent, and a Russian frigate, which were supposed to be cruising in the bay; and after that, to endeavour to intercept an expedition under Sir James Craig, which was reported to be going to Malta; and to wind up by going to Toulon, where "he would find every thing ready to repair and supply his fleet."

The British fleet, under Lord Nelson, now consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line, with twenty-two of which his Lordship cruised out

of sight of land, leaving five sail under Admiral Louis, in the Canopus, close to the harbour's mouth, to watch the motions of the enemy, as well as to intercept the supplies, which were much wanted by the large combined fleet at Cadiz. This plan was, however, soon abandoned. The Admiral took up his station about seventeen leagues west of Cadiz, leaving only the Euryalus and Hydra frigates off the port. He however placed line of battle ships within signal distance of each other, and so effected a direct line of intelligence from his vidette frigates to the Victory.

On the 1st of October, Captain Blackwood, of the Euryalus, telegraphed that the enemy's fleet, consisting of eighteen French, and sixteen Spanish ships of the line, four frigates, and two brigs, were at anchor in the outer harbour, and ready for sea. On the 2nd, Admiral Louis' squadron of five sail of the line, was sent to Gibraltar, for provisions and water. On the same day, we learnt from a Swedish vessel, bound from Cadiz to Alicant, that a large body of troops were embarked in the combined fleet, which would sail the first easterly wind. When the intrepid sailor of fortune, Admiral Louis, heard this, he returned with the news to Lord

Nelson, who, however, under all circumstances, desired him to proceed to the Rock. On the 7th and 8th, the Defiance and the Leviathan, both of the line, joined the fleet from England and Gibraltar. The welcome arrival of a squadron of frigates now gave Lord Nelson the means of interrupting the coast trade, more effectually stopping their supplies, and, as he said, "starving them out of Cadiz."

On the 9th 10th and 13th, the Royal Sovereign and Belle-Isle, the African and Agamemnon joined, making our whole force twenty-nine sail of the line, exclusive of Admiral Louis' squadron at Gibraltar. On the 14th, the Prince of Wales, of 98 guns, bearing the flag of Admiral Calder, left the fleet for England; that unfortunate officer having demanded that his conduct in his imperfect action, and respecting which so many tongues were loose, should be inquired into by a court-martial.

One cannot help here expressing regret that Admiral Calder should not have asked to remain with the fleet, till after the expected battle, as well as that he should have accepted Lord Nelson's offer, to take a three-decker away from the fleet at such a crisis, when a frigate would have

carried him home just as safely. But Sir Robert was a pompous person. One cannot, at the same time, refrain from sympathising with the captains of the Ajax and Thunderer, who were ordered home as passengers, to give evidence on the aforesaid court-martial; leaving their ships to be commanded, in the ensuing action, by Lieutenants Pelford and Stockham. But here was another instance of Nelson's noble sense of justice. Almost any other Commander-in-chief on a foreign station, would have thrust in some followers of his own, to act as captains in these vacant ships; but Nelson left the fair chance of the service to the respective senior lieutenants on board; and they were most deservedly promoted to be post-captains, for their conduct in command at the battle. Such noble disinterestedness is beyond all praise.

At half-past nine in the morning of the 19th of October, the Mars, the nearest ship to the vidette frigates, repeated their signal, "The enemy were coming out of port." Our exact force was then as follows:—

Victory, 100 guns.
Vice Admiral of the White, Lord Nelson.
Captain, T M. Hardy.

Royal Sovereign, 100 guns.

Vice Admiral of the Blue, C. Collingwood.

Captain, E. Rotheram.

Britannia, 100 guns.

Rear Admiral of the White, the Earl of Northesk.

Captain, C. Bullen.

Dreadnought, 98 guns, Captain, John Conn.

Neptune, 98 guns, Captain, T. F. Freemantle.

Téméraire, 98 guns, Captain, Eliab Harvey.

Prince, 98 guns, Captain, Richard Grindall.

Tonnant, 80 guns, Captain, Charles Tyler.

Ajax, 74 guns, Lieutenant John Pelford.

Belleisle, 74 guns, Captain, William Hargood.

Conqueror, 74 guns, Captain, Israel Pellew.

Mars, 74 guns, Captain, George Duff.

Revenge, 74 guns, Captain, Robert Moorsom.

Spartiate, 74 guns, Captain, Sir Francis Laforey, Bart.

Achille, 74 guns, Captain, Richard King.

Colossus, 74 guns, Captain, James Nicoll Morris.

Leviathan, 74 guns, Captain, Henry William Bagutun.

Minotaur, 74 guns, Captain, Charles J. Mansfield.

Swiftsure, 74 guns, Captain, William G. Rutherfold.

Bellerophon, 74 guns, Captain, John Cook.

Defence, 74 guns, Captain, George Hope.

Defiance, 74 guns, Captain, Philip C. Durham.

Orion, 74 guns, Captain, Edward Codrington.

Thunderer, 74 guns, Lieutenant John Stockham acting.

Africa, 64 guns, Captain, Henry Digby.

Agamemnon, 64 guns, Captain, Sir Edward Berry.

Polyphemus, 64 guns, Captain, Robert Rodwell.

FRIGATES.

Euryalus, Captain, Hon. H. Blackwood.

Naiad, Captain, Thomas Dundas.

Phœbe, Captain, Hon. T. B. Capel.

Sirius, Captain, W. Plowse.

Pickle, schooner, Lieut. Lapinotiere.

Enterprise, cutter, Lieut. J. Parver.

Owing to the lightness of the wind, only twelve of the enemy's ships succeeded in getting out, and they lay becalmed till the afternoon, when a breeze sprung up, and they stood to the northward, on the larboard tack, with the Eu-

ryalus and Sirius sticking close to them, about two miles to windward. Lord Nelson made sail in chase, but at eight o'clock, the wind shifted and died away, and night closed in upon us. At daylight the following morning, (the 20th,) the remainder of the combined fleet put to sea, with a light breeze at south-east, and having united with the squadron which had got out the preceding evening, consisted of the following ships:—

FRENCH.

Bucentaure, 80 guns.

Vice-Amiral Villeneuve.

Capitaine, Jean Jacques Magendie.

Formidable, 80 guns.

Contre Amiral Pierre Dumanoir-le-Pelley.

Capitaine de vaisseau, Jean Letellier.

Indomptable, 80 guns, Capitaine, Jean-Joseph Hubert.

Neptune, 80 guns, Capitaine, Esprit-Tranquille Maistral.

Achille, 74 guns, Capitaine, Gabrielle Denisport.

Aigle, 74 guns, Capitain Pierre Paul Gourrège.

Algésiras, 74 guns.

Contre Amiral Charles Magou.

Capitaine de vaisseau, Gabriel Brouard.

Argonaute, 74 guns, Capitaine Jacques Eprou.

Berwick, 74 guns, Jean Filhol Camas.

Duguay-Thouin, 74 guns, Capitaine Claude Tauffet.

Fougueux, 74 guns, Capitaine, Louis Beaudouin.

Héros, 74 guns, Capitaine, Jean Baptiste Paulain.

Intrépide, 74 guns, Capitaine Louis Antoine Infernel.

Mont Blanc, 74 guns, Capitaine, Guillaume la Villegris.

Platon, 74 guns, Capitaine, Julien Cosmao Kerjulica.

Redoutable, 74 guns, Capitaine Jean Lucas.

Scipion, 74 guns, Capitaine, Charles Bérenger.

Swiftsure, 74 guns, Capitaine, Charles d'Hospitalier.

SPANISH.

Santisima Trinidad, 130 guns.

El Jefe de Esquadra Don B. H. Cisneros.

El Brigadier, Roriarte.

Principe de Asturias, 112 guns.

Gen. el Excmo. S. Frederico Gravina.

M. Gen. Antonio Escano.

Santa Anna, el T. Gen. Excmo. Sr. Ignacio de Alava.

El Capitan, Josef Gardogni.

Rayo, 100 guns, el Brigadier, Enrique Macdonel.

Argonauta, 80 guns, el Capitan, Antonio Parejas.

Neptuno, 80 guns, el Brigadier, C. Valdés.

Monarca, 74 guns, el Capitan, D. Galiano.

Bahama, 74 guns, el Brigadier, T. Argumosa.

Montanez, 74 guns, el Brigadier Josef Salzedo.

San Augustin, 74 guns, el Brigadier T. X. Cagigal.

San Francesco de Asio, 74 guns, el Capitan, Luis de Flores.

San Ildefonso, 74 guns, el Brigadier, Josef Bargas.

San Juan Nepomuceno, 70 guns, el Brigadier, Cosme Churruca.

San Justo, 70 guns, el Capitan, M. Gaston.

San Leandro, 64 guns, el Capitan, Josef Quevedo.

FRIGATES.

Cornélie, Harmonie, Hortense, Rhin, Thémis.

BRIGS.

Argus and Turet.

The marine and military service are so completely blended in Spain, that their Admirals are called indiscriminately Generals, the Vice Admirals, Lieutenant Generals, and their captains of line of battle ships, colonels; many of the latter having the brevet rank of brigadiers, — which is a distinct grade in Spain, between colonel and major general, — and this while they are perhaps only commanding a ship of the line.

The enemy had scarcely cleared the harbour, when a south south-west wind and hazy weather baffled his progress; but the Euryalus and Sirius were his humble servants in waiting and close attendance. Meanwhile, Lord Nelson found himself, with his fleet, near the entrance of the straits, but saw nothing of the allies. He therefore wore, and made sail to the N.W. with a fresh breeze. At seven, however, we were relieved from our intense anxiety, by the Phœbe making signal, "The enemy bearing north." At noon, we were about eight leagues, S.W. of Cadiz, standing W.N.W. At two, P.M., the fleet was taken aback by a breeze from the W.N.W. At four, it wore again, and came to the wind on the lar-

board tack, steering north. At five o'clock in the afternoon, the Euryalus signified by telegraph, that "The enemy seemed determined to go to the westward;" which the Admiral declared "They shall not do if he could possibly prevent them." His Lordship then said: — "Telegraph Captain Blackwood, that I rely on his keeping sight of the enemy during the night."

The Naiad now signalized, "*thirty one sail* of the enemy bearing N.N.W." At half past eight our fleet wore and stood S.W. At four the next morning, the morning of the glorious 21st of October, we wore again, and stood under easy sail N. by E. till six o'clock, when, from the Victory, the enemy was seen! Lord Nelson soon after formed his fleet in two columns, in the order of sailing, (a plan of attack already prepared by his Lordship, to avoid the delay or difficulty of forming the usual order of battle,) and bore up under a heavy press of sail. The near approach of the British fleet with the weather gage in its favour now rendering a battle unavoidable, Admiral Villeneuve made the signal for the combined fleet to wear together, which they did, forming a line of battle on the larboard tack with the port of Cadiz on their lee bow.

Lord Nelson's fleet was twenty seven sail of the line and three frigates; Admiral Villeneuve's thirty three sail of the line and seven frigates, besides four thousand troops embarked on board. There has been much disputation as to whether the enemy formed in a straight or convex line; and whether in a single line or in double lines. Lord Collingwood says in his public account, "that they formed a line convexing to leeward, so that in leading down I had both their van and rear abaft the beam." Another account says their ships were formed thus:

A. B. C.

D. E. F.

But I do not believe there was any such thing as a double convex line, nor did Admirals Villeneuve or Dumanoir or the brave Alava,* whose flag was on board the Santa Anna. At any rate, if there was such convex or double line it was caused by accident and high winds, and was not the result of design.

While the columns were bearing down towards the enemy, Lord Nelson left the deck and wrote the following remarkable document, which

* This distinguished officer has been generally supposed to have died of the wounds he received in this battle; but I dined frequently with him at Cadiz in 1815.

after his death, was admitted as a codicil to his will, and proved in Doctor's Commons.

" October 21st, 1805, then in sight of the combined fleets of France and Spain, distant about ten miles.

" Whereas the eminent services of Emma Hamilton, widow of the Right Honourable William Hamilton, have been of the very greatest service to our King and country, to my knowledge; without her receiving any reward from either our king or country: first, that she obtained the King of Spain's letter, in 1796, to his brother the King of Naples, acquainting him of his intention to declare war against England; from which letter the ministry sent out orders to then Sir J. Jervis to strike a stroke, if opportunity offered, against either the arsenals of Spain or her fleets; that neither of these was done is not the fault of Lady Hamilton, the opportunity might have been offered. Secondly, the British fleet under my command could never have returned the second time to Egypt, had not Lady Hamilton's influence with the Queen of Naples caused letters to be written to the governor of Syracuse, that he was to encourage the fleet,

being supplied with every thing, should they put into any port of Sicily; we put into Syracuse and received every supply, went to Egypt and *destroyed the French fleet!* Could I have rewarded these services, I would not now call upon my country, but as that has not been in my power, I leave Emma, Lady Hamilton, therefore, *a legacy to my king and country*, that they will give her an ample provision to maintain her rank in life. I also leave to the beneficence of my country, my adopted daughter Horatia Nelson Thompson, and I desire she will use in future the name of Nelson only. *These are the only favours I ask of my King and country when I am going to fight their battle.* May God bless my King and country, and all those I hold dear; my relations, it is needless to mention, they will of course be amply provided for.

NELSON AND BRONTE.

Witness, { HENRY BLACKWOOD.
T. M. HARDY.

To resume my narrative; from want of wind our progress, after bearing up, was tiresome, and slow, and the Admiral consented, though very reluctantly, that the Téméraire and Leviathan

might pass us "*if they could.*" But at the moment he said this, he called out to the lieutenant on the forecastle to set the lee studding sail, which he observed should have been set before. He shortly after made the Téméraire's signal to resume her station astern of the Victory. The relative position of the enemy, with a lee port under his bows and a lee shore under ours, (the shoals of Trafalgar and St. Pietro,) decided the Admiral about 11 o'clock to telegraph, "I intend to pass through the enemy's line, to prevent their getting into Cadiz."

Soon after this he made a general signal. which shewed the *prévoyance* of the seaman, "To prepare to anchor after day-light." After some pause, "I think," said his Lordship to Captain Blackwood, who was walking the deck with him, "there is still one more signal to make;" and he then dictated those inspiring and immortal words, which should all record be lost, tradition will still preserve :—

ENGLAND EXPECTS THAT EVERY MAN WILL DO
253 269 863 261 471 958 379
HIS D U T Y.
370 4 21 19 24

As soon as the purport of the telegraphic message, was made known by the captains to their respective crews, which was done by their calling all hands aft and reading it to them, cheers rose from each ship and came rolling like thunder on the sea. When Nelson heard those cheers, a light, like a sunbeam, shone across his countenance, he smiled, and was glad; but those who had seen him at the Nile, said there was an unusual, a kind of mysterious, superstition about all he said and did this day. As he walked the deck, there was a composure in his demeanour, as though a voice without sound, had whispered in his ear; "set thine house in order, for thy career of glory will be closed by victory in death."

"Now," said Nelson, "I can do no more; we must trust the rest to the great disposer of events. I thank God for this great occasion of doing *my duty*."

Having asked Blackwood how many of the enemy's ships he should consider a victory, he replied "*fourteen*." For my part," rejoined the Admiral, "I shall not be satisfied with less than *twenty*."

As we neared the enemy, and some single shots came about the ship, Lord Nelson desired Cap-

tains Blackwood and Prowse to return to their frigates. "God bless you, Blackwood," said he shaking him by the hand, and as they parted he added in a low voice; "I shall never see you again."

All his officers felt to what unnecessary risk his Lordship exposed himself, by wearing all his ribbons and crosses, and four stars of different orders on his left breast. But nobody liked to hint or mention what every body felt *ought to be* mentioned to him; especially as he was known to have refused to listen to the suggestions of prudence on a former occasion; and when Doctor Beattie had worked himself up to a determination to say something about it and was approaching the Admiral for the purpose, his Lordship said intuitively as it were, "Beattie, your life is too valuable to be here, go below immediately, we shall want you there soon."

About 12 o'clock, the Fougueux opened her broadside upon the leader of the lee line, (the Royal Sovereign) which ship, she (the Fougueux) had allowed to approach considerably within range of her shot, and this commencement acted as a sort of general signal, for, as if by concert, all the flags and co-

lours of the respective fleets were instantly displayed. The Royal Sovereign returned her bow chacers but seeing the signal hoisted on board the Victory for closer action, she desisted for above ten minutes, when having reached a position close under the stern of the Santa Anna of 112 guns, bearing Alava's flag, she poured in her collected broadside, double shotted and absolutely swept the decks. With her starboard broadside she also raked the Fougueux, then luffed up under the Santa Anna, and continued her destructive fire, muzzle to muzzle with her opponent.

" See," said Lord Nelson, " how that noble fellow Collingwood, takes his ship into action !"

It was indeed a splendid sight, and I had then, never seen any thing like it ; nor have I since, unless I may compare to it, a magnificent movement of a brigade of horse artillery, at the battle of the Nivelle ; which absolutely flew up the side of a mountain, took up a position on the flank of a solid advancing corps of the enemy, made him waver, and fall back. The eagle glance of Wellington directed this movement ; and I never can forget the style, in which it was executed. My eyes filled with enthusiasm at the sight.

Not long after the Fougueux had opened her fire upon the Royal Sovereign, the Belle Isle, her next astern, followed through the combined line and joined in the heat of the battle; after which the Bucentaur, bearing the flag of Admiral Villeneuve, sent a shot at the Victory, then under all sail, but hardly going through the water. The shot fell short; another shot was fired, which fell along side; and presently a third, which passed through her main top gallant sail, when perceiving that her shot reached us, the whole van of the enemy simultaneously directed their broadsides against the Victory. A round shot killed Mr. Scott the secretary, while he was speaking to Captain Hardy, and a double headed shot came on the poop, killed eight marines, and wounded several others. On seeing this, Lord Nelson said, "Captain Adair, divide your men and disperse them round the deck, they will suffer less than if you keep them together. Is that poor Scott that's gone?" he inquired of Adair, who was covering the corpse from Nelson's sight; and when he was told that it was, "Poor fellow!" replied the kind-hearted hero.

Presently a shot, which struck the Launch on

the booms, went between the Admiral and Captain Hardy, and carried away the Captain's shoe buckle. They stopped and looked anxiously at each other. "This is too hot to last," said his Lordship smiling. He then praised the coolness of the ship's company. The Victory had not, up to this time, returned a single shot; but we had already lost fifty, (officers and men,) in killed and wounded; and much passive courage was called for. As the enemy saw that the Victory meant to follow the example of the Royal Sovereign, and break through their line, they closed round like a nest of hornets, and broadside on broadside came in upon us. Captain Hardy observed to Lord Nelson, that it would be impracticable to break their line, without running on board one or the other. "Take your choice, Hardy," said the Admiral," it does not signify which."

The Victory was at this instant just abreast of a very narrow opening, between the French Commander-in-Chief in the Bucentaur, and the Spanish four decker, the Santissima Trinidad; the very spot of all others Nelson desired to be in; and this is the moment, according to an able writer (James,) when an artist, wishing

to pourtray the position of the Victory in the battle of Trafalgar, should take her. "Let the view," he proceeds, "be from the southward, and then the Victory's starboard broadside will form the centre of the picture, the Téméraire's bows (about as far aft as the aftmost part of her fore-chains) the left, and the sterns and quarters of the one Spanish and three French ships the right. The Victory had lost her mizen-topmast, and carried her fore-sail, or what remained of it, fore and main topsails, top-gallant sails, and royals; her studding-sail booms and the sails had been shot away, some of them were hanging in shreds, and all her sails, especially those on the fore-mast, were pierced with holes. She had Lord Nelson's flag (white with a red cross) at the fore, one white or St. George's ensign at the mizen-peak, and another lashed to the starboard mizen-rigging; one union-jack at the upper end of the fore-top-gallant-stay and another at the same of the main-top-mast-stay. At her main-top-gallant-masthead was signal No. 16, "engage the enemy more closely," consisting of two flags, quarter red and white, over blue, white red, or Dutch reversed. The Téméraire's fore-top-gallant-stay, and her main one also, was decorated the same as the Victory's. The

four enemy's ships had scarcely a hole in their sails: the Redoubtable had her fore-sail set and her top-gallant-sails upon the caps; the French Neptune was in the act of hoisting her jib; and the remaining ships had, it is believed, only their three topsails set: this, however, is of little consequence. These ships had their ensigns at their peaks or gaff-ends; the Santissima Trinidad, a Spanish flag at her mizen-top-gallant-mast-head, and the Bucentaure, a French flag at the fore. The wind was a mere breath, and blew on the Victory's larboard quarter, or nearly astern, the sea was smooth, with a long ground swell; and the sun shone with meridian splendour."

The master was now ordered to put the helm a-port, and the Victory ran on board the Redoutable; at which moment a shot struck the barrel of our wheel, and carried away the tiller ropes. The ship was now steered with tackles, rove and fastened to the tiller in the gun room, by the first lieutenant and the master alternately. As soon as possible the helm was righted, and a raking fire was poured into the Bucentaure and Santissima Trinidada. Meanwhile the Redoubtable, apprehensive of being

boarded from the Victory, shut her lower deck ports. We still remained foul of her, and the Téméraire was also engaging her. As our position altered and our larboard broadside came again to bear on the Santissima Trinidada, we worked away at her.

The tops of the Redoubtable were at this time filled with soldiers, who had a bird's eye view, and a perfect command of our quarter-deck, poop, gang-ways and forecastle, with their musquetry. It was soon after one o'clock, as Lord Nelson was in the act of turning round on the quarter-deck, that a ball fired from the mizen-top of the Redoubtable, struck him on the epaulette, entered his left shoulder, descended obliquely into the thorax, fractured the second and third ribs, penetrated the lobe of the lungs, made its way to the spine, and lodged therein.

Nelson fell mortally wounded. The fatal spot is marked on the deck of the Victory. Sergeant Secker of the marines, and two seamen were raising him up, when Captain Hardy coming up, saw what had happened.

"I hope, my dear Admiral, you are not severely hurt," said Hardy, taking him kindly by the hand.

" They have done for me at last," he replied.

" I hope not, my dear friend."

" Yes, Hardy," continued Nelson," my back bone is shot through."

The seamen were then desired to bear the dying hero, to the surgeon below. As they carried him through the gun room, he saw that the tiller ropes were not re-rove, and he sent to Captain Hardy to have them fixed immediately ; then, with his characteristic coolness, he took a handkerchief from his pocket, and covered his face, that his loss might be concealed from the crew.

Soon after Lord Nelson fell, Captain Adair and eighteen marines were killed, and a lieutenant and twenty marines were wounded, by the exterminating fire from the tops of the Redoubtable. This continued with little intermission till two o'clock, when down came both her main and mizen masts, and with them the ambush of musquetry that had killed our noble chief, and swept our decks with the scythe of destruction. The main mast of the Redoubtable, fell on board the Téméraire, and covered the whole after part of that ship. On the falling of

her masts, however, she ceased firing altogether, and was taken possession of by both her antagonists; but whether she was first boarded by the Victory or the Téméraire is still an unsettled point.

Another disputed question, and in my opinion, of equal insignificance, is "whether the troops in the tops of the Redoubtable had or had not rifles." My friend Dupin, no mean authority, declares, "there was neither a tyrolien or a carbine in the whole fleet;" and Doctor Beattie, the best authority, has certified that the ball which killed the Admiral, did not come out of a rifle. He extracted the ball, and he holds it in proof of his assertion. But suppose it did—in the name of Mars, why should not rifles be used in an action afloat, as well as in an action on shore? For my part I think that all our marines should be equipped with rifles. As for the nonsense about picking off the commander,—why who the devil would you pick off if not the commander?—and then the sorry abuse of the marksman who killed our Nelson — all this and more, is to be found in the *Laureate's Life;* such

things I say are not worth the powder, shot, or time required to bring them down.

The state of the Victory, when the Redoubtable surrendered, was as follows :—her main-mast, fore-yard, and main and main-top-sail yards, were shot away ; fore and main-masts and bow-sprit, jib-boom, main-top-mast and cap, and fore and main-tops badly shot through ; all her rigging was cut to pieces, and her spare spars were unfit for use ; her hull much damaged, and some shots between wind and water. She had lost Lord Nelson, Captain Adair, Lieutenant Ram, Mr. Scott, Messrs. Smith and Palmer, midshipmen, and Mr. Whipple, thirty-two seamen, and eighteen marines killed, and Lieutenants Pascoe and Bligh and Lieutenants Reeves and Peake of the royal marines, Messrs. Revirs, Westpall, and Bulkeley, midshipmen, fifty-nine seamen, and nine marines wounded, besides twenty-seven wounded after the reports were made up by the surgeon.

It is in a battle, as at play, the looker-on sees more of the game than the person who holds the cards. I shall not, therefore, pretend to give any precise account of the part taken by any other ships in this glorious battle. From

the manner in which Lord Nelson attacked the combined fleets, as well as from the lightness of the winds, it was almost inevitable that the brunt of the action must fall upon the leading ships of each column; so that of the twenty-seven sail of the line under his Lordship's command, not above fourteen were hotly engaged. It was fortunate for the Royal Sovereign, that as she led down the lee column, the enemy's ships did not open their broadsides upon her sooner; as they might have done her, as well as her next astern, much greater damage before they got into action. The Victory was not so fortunate; having lost fifty officers and men in killed and wounded, before she fired a shot.

The following table gives the killed and wounded on board the British fleet, in the order in which they went into action.

LEE COLUMN LED BY COLLINGWOOD IN THE ROYAL GEORGE.			WEATHER COLUMN LED BY NELSON IN THE VICTORY.		
	Killed.	Wounded.		Killed.	Wounded
Royal Sovereign.	47	94	Victory.	57	102
Belle-Isle.	33	93	Téméraire.	47	76
Mars.	29	69	Neptune.	10	34
Tonnant.	26	50	Leviathan.	4	22
Bellerophon.	27	123	Britannia.	10	32
Colossus.	40	160	Conqueror.	3	9
Achille.	13	59	Africa.	18	44

LEE COLUMN.			WEATHER COLUMN.		
	Killed.	Wounded.		Killed.	Wounded.
Polyphemus.	2	4	Agamemnon.	2	7
Revenge.	28	51	Ajax.	2	9
Swiftsure.	9	8	Orion.	1	23
Defiance.	17	53	Minotaur.	3	22
Thunderer.	4	12	Spartiate.	3	20
Defence.	7	29			
Dreadnought.	7	26			
Prince.	0	0			

GRAND TOTAL IN BOTH COLUMNS.

449 Killed.
1,241 Wounded.

1,690

In considering the returns of this, the greatest naval battle, in all respects, that ever was fought, one is forcibly struck with the smallness of the loss of human life, (only 450,) as compared with the tens of thousands that fall in a great conflict on shore. I mentioned this in conversation the other day to a brother officer, from the sister country. "I'faith," said he, "and the why is sufficiently clear; in an action at sea, you fire at masses of wood; while in a battle on shore, you fire at masses of men."

The battle of Trafalgar begun at twelve o'clock, was at its zenith at *half-past one*, (about which hour Nelson was wounded.) *At*

three o'clock, the fire remitted some of its fury, but lost none of its splendour. (At this time Nelson was dying). *Soon after five*, the action had ceased altogether. (Nelson had then been dead about half an hour.)

We must now go into the painful details of his last moments.* As the surgeon examined his wound, Nelson told him, that he felt he was mortally wounded. "You can do nothing for me, Beattie," he said.

He afterwards desired Captain Hardy to be called down. "Well, Hardy," asked the Admiral, "how goes the day with us?" "Very well, indeed," replied the captain; "ten have struck already." They then shook hands, and Captain Hardy, after a few words of private conversation, returned to the quarter-deck. About four, or a quarter after four, Captain Hardy went of his own accord to the Admiral. "My Lord," said he, taking him by the hand, "I have come down to congratulate you on your glorious victory. It is very complete; though I cannot exactly say how many have struck, as

* When Lord Nelson was carried into the cock-pit, he was laid on a mattrass on the table of the midshipmen's berth.

we cannot distinctly see the ships. There are, at any rate, *fifteen* who have hauled down their colours."

"That is very well, Hardy," replied Nelson; "but I bargained for *twenty*."

He then said with emphasis:—"Anchor, Hardy, anchor."

"I suppose, my Lord," observed Captain Hardy, with some hesitation, "that Admiral Collingwood will now take upon himself the direction of affairs."

"Not while I live, I hope, Hardy," said the dying hero, struggling at the same moment, ineffectually, to raise himself on the mattrass. "No," he continued; "do you anchor, Hardy."

The captain then asked: "Shall we make the signal, Sir?"

"Yes," replied his Lordship; "for if I live I'll anchor." Meaning, of course, to do so when the battle was over, and night came on.

Captain Hardy had left him about a quarter of an hour, when he said in a firm voice: "I have done my duty, and I thank my God for it."

He never spoke after this, but soon after four,

(three hours and a quarter after he had received the fatal wound,) without a struggle or a groan, NELSON DIED, becoming at the same moment immortal in both worlds!

Immediately the event was known to Captain Hardy, he went on board the Royal Sovereign, to communicate to Admiral Collingwood our irreparable loss, as well as to state the nature of his Lordship's last orders, "to anchor."

The grand results of the battle of Trafalgar were, seventeen French and Spanish line of battle ships captured, and one French ship of the line burnt. It almost annihilated the marine of France and Spain; rendered useless the flotilla at Boulogne, and made a descent upon our shores next to impossible.

RETURN OF NAVAL AND MARINE OFFICERS KILLED OR WOUNDED IN THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

ROYAL NAVY.

KILLED.

V. Admiral. The Viscount Nelson.

Captains. Duff and Cook.

Lieutenants. Gelhland, Ram, Smith, Roskruge, Lloyd, St. George, Simins, Gall and Wooden.

WOUNDED.

Captains. Morris, Moorsom, Durham.

Lieutenants. Clavill, Rusford, Lloyd, Garrett, Black, Berry, Pascoe, Bligh, Mould, Hay (acting), Torrie, Bully, Forster (acting), Plynn and Bray.

ROYAL MARINES.

KILLED.

Captains. Charles Adair, and J. Busing.

Lieutenants. John Kingston and Robert Greene.

WOUNDED.

Captains. Wemyss, Westropp, Fynmore, Norman and Lily.

Lieutenants. Reeves, Payne, Peake, Wearing, Owen,* Benson, Ledden, and Levisconte.

In this action there were two captains and two lieutenants of royal marines killed, and five captains, and eight lieutenants wounded, shewing *as usual*, a greater number of casualties, in proportion to their force, than amongst the officers of the ships. Honors and riches were heaped upon the next akin of the immortal Nelson, a peerage and a pension of £2,000 a

* Now Colonel Owen C.B. Adjutant-General to the Royal Marine forces and Aid-de-Camp to the Queen.

year were given to Collingwood; a baronetcy to Hardy; every captain of every ship had, (to begin with), a gold medal, whether engaged seriously or not; and every first lieutenant of every ship, indiscriminately, was promoted; and four midshipmen of the Victory, three from the Royal Sovereign, two of the Britannia, and one belonging to every other ship of the line and frigate present, were promoted to lieutenants.

But what was done for the officers of royal marines, either amongst the killed or wounded? The killed were thrown overboard, and the wounded got nothing. Lord Byron said, "reality is stranger than fiction;" and certainly nobody could imagine the fact, that, in this glorious battle, above one hundred officers, and more than three thousand men of the marines, were actually engaged; that their loss, in killed and wounded, was comparatively greater than the navy; that while the latter got peerages, pensions, baronetcies, and general promotion, the marines had only one *pitiful brevet majority*, given as their share of the spoil—as a reward *amongst them all!* The senior officer of marines, Wingrove,* (who had been

* Now Colonel-Commandant of the Woolwich division.

at the taking of the Cape of Good Hope, *ten years before*) received, as the chief of his three thousand one hundred comrades, the honorary rank of brevet-major, which cost our great and grateful country the precise sum total of £92 sterling, two shillings per day, extra pay for *three years*, when it fell into the crown, as he then obtained his majority in the corps by seniority. But let us be just; why should we pass *the odium of ingratitude upon our country*, for which we have fought, bled, and are ready to die?—let it fall upon and bruise the shoulders of the true culprit—the first Lord of the Admiralty, at the time.

One word at parting with poor Adair; he was killed by a musquet-ball, from the same top, whence Nelson's death proceeded; and he fell near the same spot. He was an active, enterprizing, intelligent officer, esteemed by a large circle of acquaintance, and adored by his wife and family.

END OF VOL. I.

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Steele, (Sir) Robert
The marine officer

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